

HUSTLER®

AMERICA'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1988 \$4.50

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ANTITERRORIST
TRAINING SCHOOLS**

AIDS CAMPS

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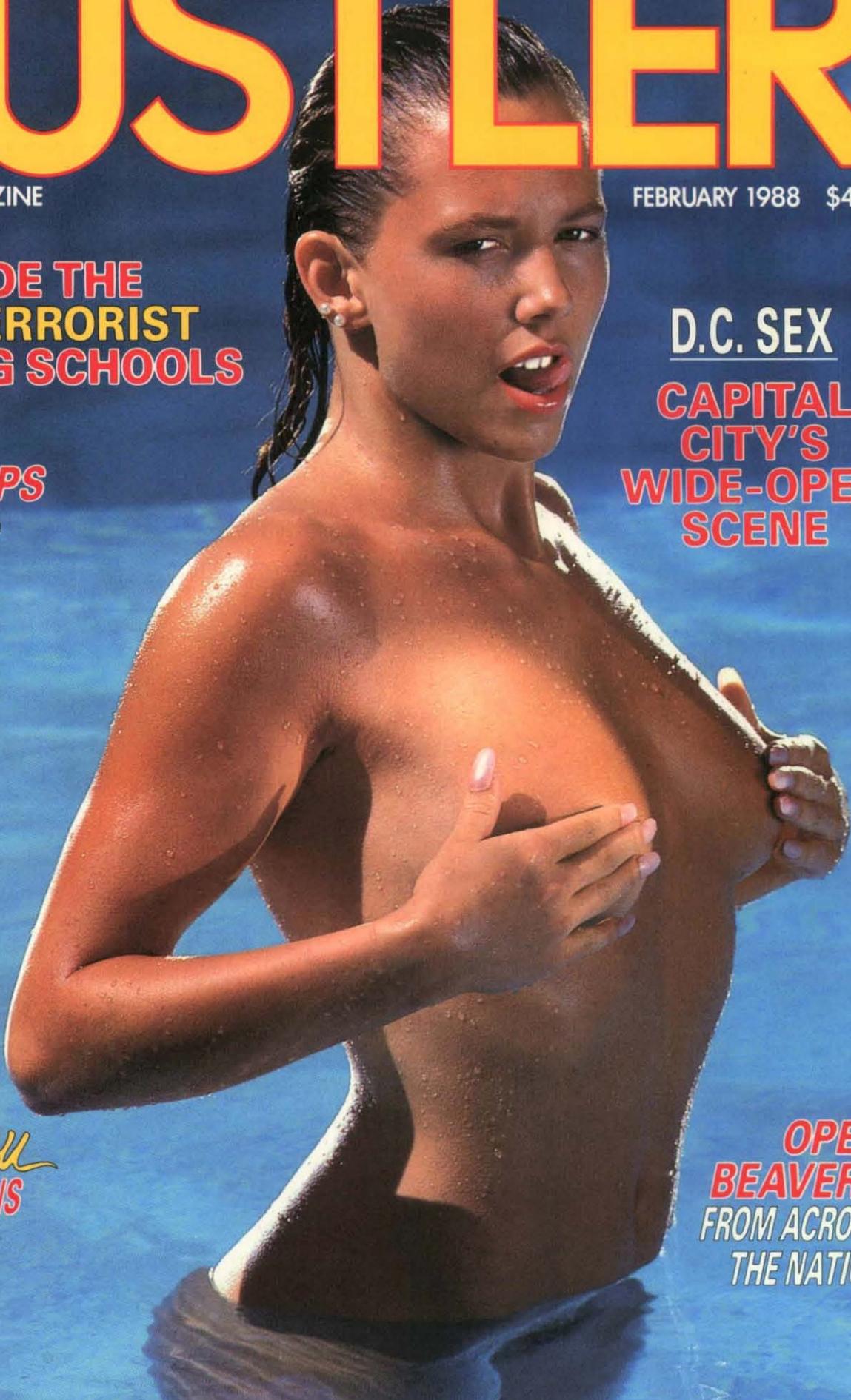
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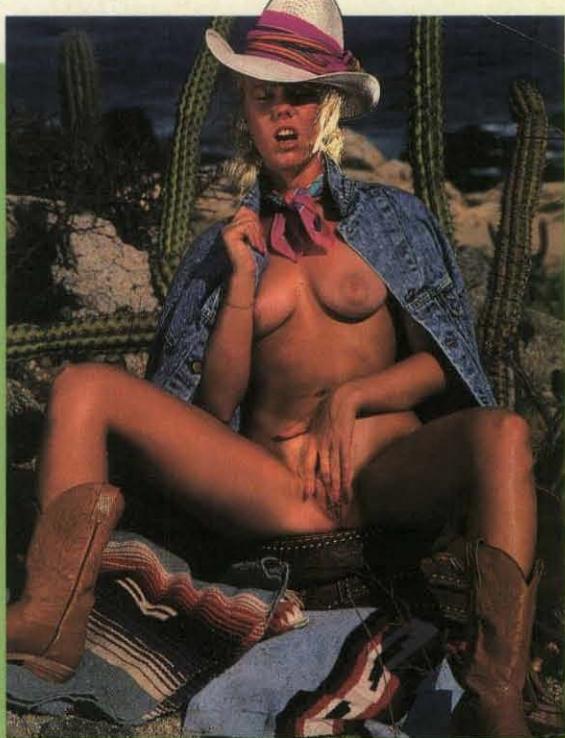
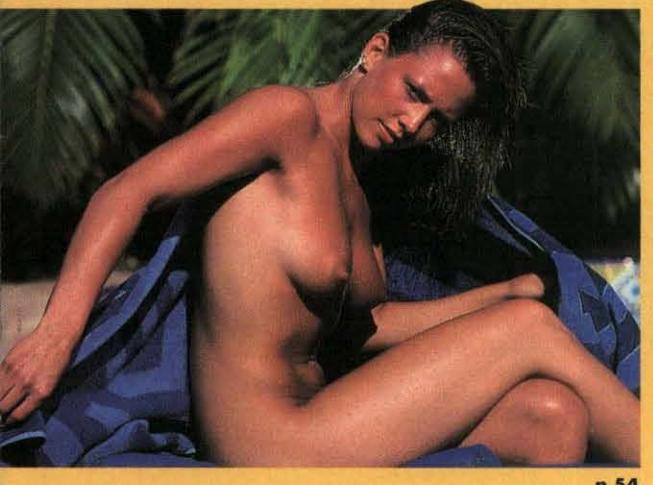
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HUSTLER®

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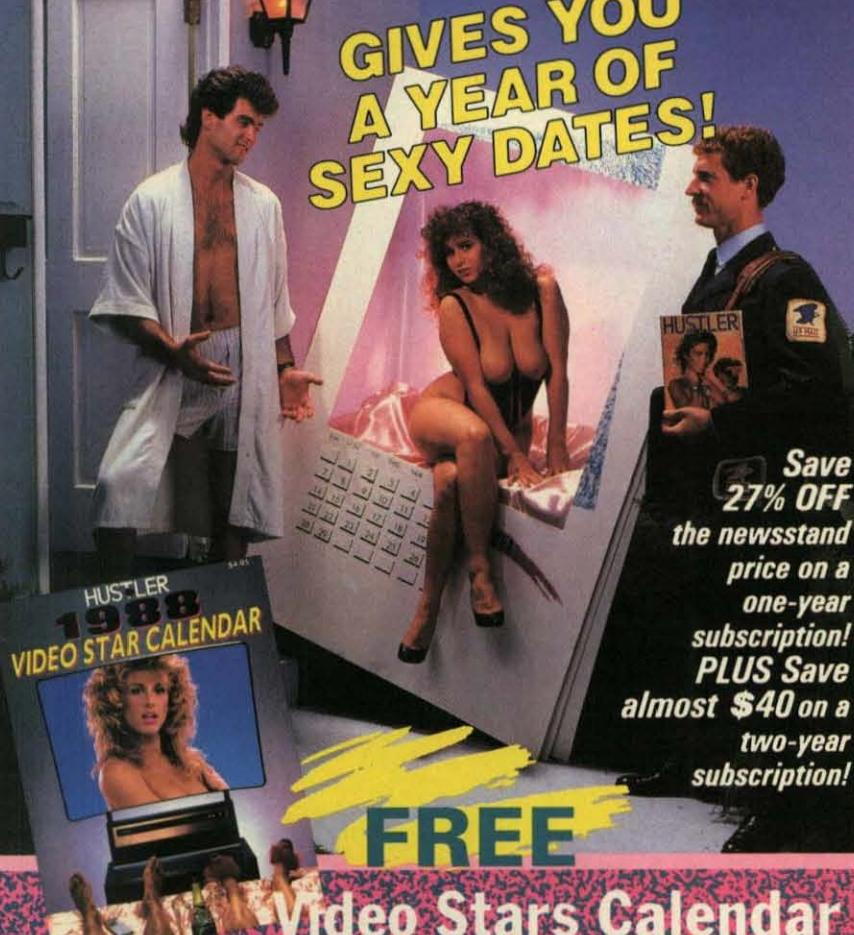
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Feedback

SATISFIED, WANTS MORE

December's HUSTLER had two good things: one, the expanded *Beaver Hunt*; two, "Candice: Private Dance." Keep the longer *Beaver Hunt*—the more women the better. Encourage more mature women. Four Beavers in December were 30 years or older, and I thought Colleen from San Antonio was the best of the whole group. There was something about Janice from Louisville: Her funny tits are a turn-on. So is her pussy. How about some gals over 40? The photo-feature on Candice had everything—boobs, pussy, style, classy stockings, high heels. How do the girls get their pussy lips to stay open like Candice does on page 67?

—Dale
Springfield, Missouri

Look to upcoming issues of HUSTLER for a variety of fantastic and unusual female photography, but you'll have to discover the pussy-lip secret through your own experimentation.

Another fine *Beaver Hunting* season is upon us, and you really hit the jackpot in the December '87 issue. I'm a real admirer of the petite breast, and some fine women sport them in that issue, beginning with 25-year-old Ronnie from Winthrop, Massachusetts. Her entire form is a work of art; she truly is a *Beaver Hunt* winner. Ronnie's perfectly shaped legs and sparsely furred bush start the parade, but tops is her small, beautifully accented breasts, with small, pert nipples. What hard-on material! As usual, *Beaver Hunt* showcases the best America has to offer.

—J. L.
North Tonawanda, New York

SHIT CHUTE SALUTE

Congratulations for making Oliver North *Asshole of the Month*. I cannot think of anyone more deserving of the award. If Ollie ever became president, he would

be the first one with an overworked paper shredder. Please consider more Iran-contraband for *Asshole* status. The Iran-contra scandal made Watergate look like a tea party. Now U.S. sailors are being shot at by weapons Ollie and the boys sold the Iranians. Another excellent candidate for *Asshole of the Month* is Richard Secord. He might even be a good choice for *Asshole of the Year*. At least Ollie had good intentions for putting the United States Constitution through his paper shredder—Secord was in for the almighty buck.

—G. T.

Buffalo, New York

A SHOE-IN FAVORITE

I read your magazine every month, and it gets better and better. I love the November '87 issue featuring "Caryn: Bedside Manner." She's as gorgeous as they come,



Candice: Private Dance

and me, being a guy with a foot fetish, found her loving toes and soles enough to keep me jacking off for days. What really turned me on is that a label indicated she got her shoes from a store called Wild Pair. I work for one in Detroit; so you keep 'em sexy, HUSTLER, and I'll keep 'em in sexy shoes.

—R. J.

Detroit, Michigan

PRECISION GERMAN STEEL

I have read HUSTLER Magazine for years and find it okay, apart from the *Most Tasteless Cartoon*, which does not meet my taste. The women in your magazine are very good. What I miss very much are photographs of girls with shaved pussies, which I prefer. It would be fine if there were hot girls with hairless pussies in your magazine. The more the better.

I'm also very interested in the interviews with porno stars. Moreover, I would especially be thankful for an interview with Kari Foxx, one of the anal queens, a very beautiful woman with the right feeling for all kinds of sex. I am very keen to read the thoughts of the porno and anal queens—their sexual likes and dislikes and how they see their job. I would be thankful to find razed women and more porno-queen interviews in your magazine.

—G. L.

Hamburg, West Germany

SPREADING HOLIDAY CHEER

First damn good issue [December '87] you've put out in a long time. A fine job, reminiscent of the old days. It is works of

art like your Christmas issue that have made HUSTLER the widely read publication you are today. Congratulations from a long-time subscriber, reader and believer. And condolences to Mr. Flynt.

-I. C. L.
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

REVIEWING THE REELS

I have been buying your magazine for years, fully enjoying your pictorial layouts, *Erotic Entertainment*, *Pornpourri*, *Feedback*, *Beaver Hunt*, and other fine features. I just want you all to know that I love your HUSTLER Honeys, and all your girls, while my wife loves and enjoys the occasional layout of a well-hung male in the couples shots. We both especially like to read your columns on the X-rated movies. We follow your advice as to what movies are worth watching and, for the most part, agree with your ratings. Both my wife and I like to watch porno films, but my wife's complaint is that most of those movies are male-oriented, suited for the male's satisfaction much more than the female's. An example of this are the many scenes of female actresses masturbating to the camera, and not enough scenes of male actors doing the same. Therefore, we ask you to list some of the movies available where the male actors are masturbating and performing more for the woman, because

that turns my wife on to no end and consequently gives us both more sexual pleasure and satisfaction.

-M. A.
Corpus Christi, Texas

HUSTLER's *Erotic Entertainment* section, beginning on page 23, brings you full-spectrum coverage of all the adult screen has to offer, including a review this month of a couples-type tape.

REDSKIN FOR PINK

I want to say your magazines and cartoons are number one on my list. Like you say, you are going to make us laugh or really think. I'm a prisoner in Folsom State Prison in California, and I don't look at anything but HUSTLER and CHIC. I intend to subscribe when I get out. You come out with the truth and ain't scared, and your women are the best. This Native American says keep up the good work, and fuck everyone who doesn't like your magazine.

-Big Bear
Represa, California

SOUTHERN DISCOMFORT

Being from Guntersville, Alabama, I noticed a letter in a recent HUSTLER from T.M., who hailed from Cullman, Alabama. Recently I was out late and decided to stop at a convenience store in order to pick up a copy of HUSTLER. The clerk informed me that they didn't sell any kind

of pornographic magazines, but he added that I could go next door and rent a porno flick. Does this make any sense whatsoever? I mean, hell, you can rent a flick, but you can't buy a book. They certainly have their priorities up their asses.

-Pissed-Off
Guntersville, Alabama

BORN-AGAIN BAWD BUYER

I had read your magazine for several years. Then I stopped. Four months ago I picked up a copy, and now I buy HUSTLER every month. I would like to check out some back issues, but I haven't been able to find an ad for them. I am especially interested in your *BEST OF BEAVER HUNT*, as well as *HUSTLER HUMOR*. Now that I've started to read your magazine again, I can't understand why I ever stopped.

-D. M.

Tonawanda, New York

Look for *BEST OF BEAVER HUNT* #8 on sale in late January 1988, and don't miss a hilarious, unpredictable issue of *HUSTLER HUMOR* by subscribing at \$21 for nine issues or only \$36 for 18 hefty editions, payable to L.F.P. Inc., P.O. Box 16598, North Hollywood, CA 91615.

SHERE'S STILL AS SWEET

I've been reading your magazine for years and I enjoy it. I have never previously written in, and I usually agree with your *Asshole of the Month* nominees. If there ever was a bitch who fit the *Asshole of the Month* profile, it would have to be the alleged author who wrote *Women and Love*, Shere Hite. In her book she claims that 98% of women are unsatisfied in their relationships with men. Hite also says that 70% of women who have been married over five years are involved in extramarital affairs—to save their marriages. Come on now! This Shere Hite should be strung up by her nipples for life.

-D. J.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

HUSTLER exposed Shere Hite in words and totally nude pictures in our April '77 issue, which makes her old news.

RELIGIOUS MYSTERY

I'm sitting here watching Jerry Falwell beg for my money on television, and since Larry Flynt and his staff are the world's greatest experts on the Reverend Falwell, I have but one question: Can Jerry's lower lip touch his nose or not?

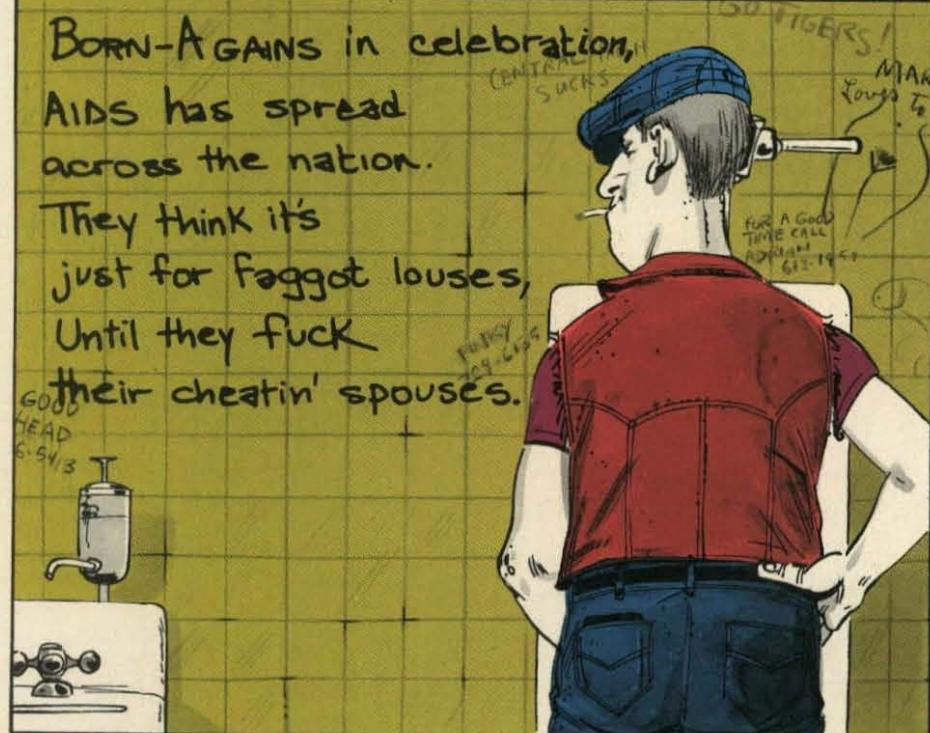
-E. S.

Rome, New York

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to *Feedback*, HUSTLER, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$50 TO PETER STABILE



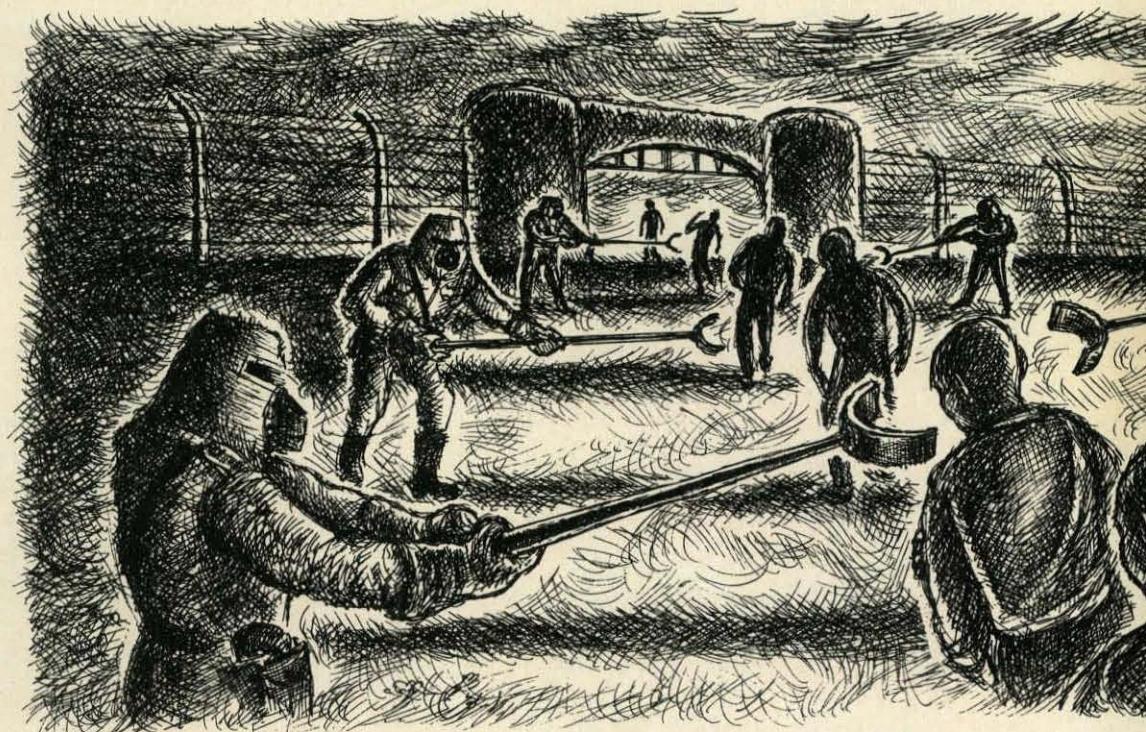
"Act calm, sweetie . . . my puss can smell fear!"



David Peters

by William
John
Watkins

LINING UP FOR THE CAMPS



Y

You're watching the Secretary of Education, who's informing you that these people are a menace to society and have to be locked up—for their own protection as well as yours—when the cops come in wearing yellow rubber gloves and operating-room masks. You want to know what the charge is, and they tell you, "Attempted murder."

There's a lawyer accompanying the goon squad, who tells you he can get it bargained down to assault with a deadly weapon. The only problem is, you're innocent. You've been married for six weeks to a woman you've been faithful to for two years. You couldn't possibly have AIDS, and you desperately try to tell the cop that as he cuffs you.

But he won't listen. He says you tested positive when you went for your marriage license. That means you knowingly exposed your wife to the disease. That's attempted murder.

You tell him, sure you tested positive; 80 out of every 100 preliminary tests they administer turn up false positive, but only one out of every 100 "positives" turns out to actually have the antibodies, and *you* weren't one of them. The second test cleared you.

The officer now wants to know why you flunked the AIDS test on your employment physical then. You inform him that it's another false positive; it happens. It happens a lot.

By the time the authorities have everything straightened out, you've spent two weeks of solitary confinement at Camp Jesse Helms, and the first thing you find waiting for you once they release you is a letter from your wife's lawyer informing you that your marriage has been annulled

due to the fact that you hid your AIDS contraction. Now your ex-wife is suing you for \$10 million in civil damages.

Sound farfetched? Perhaps, but the rubber gloves, criminal prosecutions, civil damages, and the incorrect test results are all occurrences that have already transpired.

At the moment, there are more than 30 different civil and criminal cases involving people accused of trying to transmit the AIDS virus. The charges range from assault on a police officer to attempted murder. Some of those accused have already been convicted.

In Minneapolis, for example, despite the fact that the Centers for Disease Control report no documented cases of transmission of the disease through saliva, AIDS victim James V. Moore was convicted of two counts of assault with a deadly and dangerous weapon for intentionally biting two prison guards. In New York, a prostitute who claimed she has AIDS was charged with attempted assault and reckless endangerment for a bite that did not even break the officer's skin.

An Army investigator has recommended Private Adrian Morris Jr. be court-martialed on two counts of aggravated assault for having sexual relations after being notified that he had tested positive for AIDS, even though none of his sex partners have become infected with the virus as a result.

In Los Angeles, Joseph Edward Markowski fared even worse; not only was he charged with two counts of attempted murder for having sexual relations, but he was also charged with two additional counts of attempted murder for selling AIDS-infected blood.

Many of those charged have no symptoms of the disease. They have merely had positive results on a test designed to screen blood. The test has so many false "positives" because it's better to throw away a hundred good units of blood than to let a bad one get through. Because the screening determines the presence of antibodies, the test can measure exposure

to the disease, but not necessarily infection.

Some have not even been convicted of crimes, like the male prostitute in Mississippi who was held after a grand jury refused to indict him on sodomy charges in an effort to prevent the suspect from spreading the disease. In at least one case, the person quarantined was not even charged with a crime. A 14-year-old Florida boy was confined to a psychiatric hospital for 11 days to keep him from spreading the disease. The young man was incarcerated on the basis of a Health and Rehabilitative Services report that claimed he had been exposed to the AIDS virus, was sexually active with two men, ran away from home, and frequented a gay bar.

It was not the first time in U.S. history that individuals have been quarantined to prevent the spread of a deadly disease. Prior to World War I, when tuberculosis was killing more people than current fatalities from cancer and car accidents combined, laws were passed for the identification, isolation, and involuntary treatment of TB victims who were likely to spread the disease.

The sexual contacts of those with syphilis, once a deadly venereal disease, were also traced, just as the sexual contacts of AIDS victims are now being traced in Colorado. This tracing process will probably soon be under way in other states as well. The process of identification is an indispensable first step toward quarantine.

The quarantine camps are not far behind. They're what Jesse Helms was talking about when he said, "... somewhere along the line, we are



AIDS CAPSULE

The Capsule looks at media coverage and official announcements about AIDS to sort the hype and propaganda from the vital information we need to combat this killer.

In the recent regular self-hype mailing I got from U.S. Representative Mel Levine, D-Los Angeles, he sent along the *Surgeon General's Report on AIDS*. Levine has sponsored three pieces of worthwhile legislation to fund various attacks on AIDS while protecting the citizens involved. Despite his foresight, Levine also credits Surgeon General Everett Koop's report as "the most credible and comprehensive source of information about AIDS." Likely, it has been mailed to registered voters throughout the U.S.

Closely examined, Koop's report contains little *factual, specific* information except what we've long known: Very little is known about the disease; incidence is highest among drug users and homosexual men, often involving both factors; it can spread through shared needles or sexual contact involving exchange of *infected* bodily fluids.

The limit of what we know about AIDS supports the need to finance adequate studies. Only then can we deal with the *assumptions* and *moral propaganda* like that comprising the bulk of Koop's document.

Phrases like "is expected" and "it is assumed" litter the report, promoting the idea that the disease will have the same effect on the heterosexual population (in seven years, only about 300 cases have been reported of heterosexuals who claim not to have been bisexual or drug users), or implying that types of behavior, *in and of themselves*, can spread the disease, glossing over the fact that an infected person must be involved. Two uninfected people who butt-fuck, or someone shooting up with his own disposable needle, can't get AIDS simply from those acts.

Koop's implications buttress his obvious moral propaganda. "The threat of AIDS can provide an opportunity for parents to instill in their children their own moral and ethical standards," Koop writes. "Single teenage girls . . . have been taught to say NO to sex . . . and drugs! By saying NO to sex and drugs, they can avoid AIDS which can kill them!" the report goes on. Then there's the command, "Do not have sex with prostitutes."

The facts are, sex and drugs alone do not *cause* AIDS. Most prostitutes who've contracted AIDS were drug users, confusing the issue of sexual transmission.

The facts are, we need *real* information about AIDS to find *real* cures and preventatives. When it becomes a tool for repressive moralizing, a way to sell newspapers, and a business boon for the medical community, chances for positive gains grow dimmer as the confusion and panic spread wider and faster than AIDS ever will.

-Tim Conaway

going to have to quarantine if we are really going to contain this disease."

Jesse Helms isn't alone in his thinking. In a recent poll conducted by the Hackensack, NJ, *Record*, 78% of the respondents said that prostitutes with AIDS should be quarantined. Forty percent said people should be tested for AIDS even if it violated their civil rights, and in a recent Gallup Poll, 60% said people infected with AIDS should have to carry a card identifying them as AIDS carriers.

The more the disease spreads, the more frightened people are going to become. The more frightened they are, the more likely they are to think Jesse Helms is correct. The one thing all the experts seem to agree upon is that the disease *is* going to spread. ☀

AIDSlines

Public Health Service

AIDS Hotline

800-342-2437

National Gay Task Force

800-221-7044

212-807-6016 (NY state)

American Social
Health Association

800-227-8922

HUSTLER

LETTERS



IT'S ONLY ROCK 'N' ROLL

For most people who live and work outside of the music world, their image of rock 'n' roll and all its related businesses has to be sex, drugs and life in the *fast* lane. But I'm here to tell you it ain't so. My particular connection to the industry is as a lowly copy editor for a West Coast music publication that mostly caters to heavy-metal headbangers. The hours are long, the pay is laughable and the good jobs are hard to come by. Every once in awhile, though, I get invited to a top-notch party where everyone really lets go, and that's also where my experience begins.

About three months ago, one of my office-mates threw himself a party. Most of our fellow employees were there, along with quite a few people I didn't know. The host had provided a keg of beer, and I was well on my way to a nice buzz when I noticed the talent coordinator from our office had arrived—unescorted.

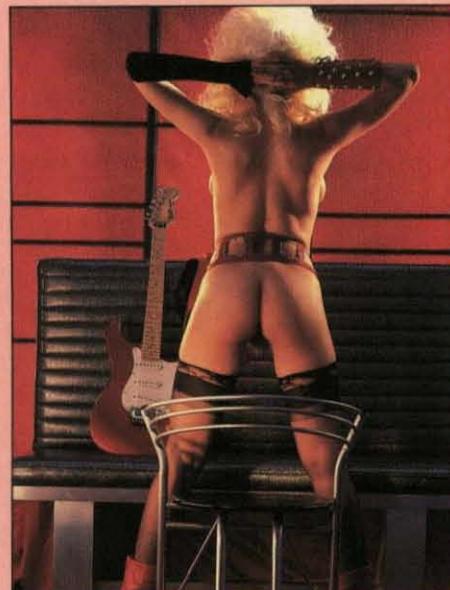
Now, I'd had a big crush and an even bigger bone-on for this sexy little tart since the first time I saw her at work. There had never been much communication between us, but tonight, I noticed something different—there was a warmth to Charlene's eyes. I continued to dance and drink, but I never let my eyes wander far from Charlene's sinewy, sexy frame.

Later that evening, after considering the situation and realizing that this would be the best opportunity to get close to Charlene, I approached and began making small talk. With a cute wink of her eye, Charlene suggested we dance. A New York Dolls tune was blaring, and we began to do the old bump and grind, Charlene rubbing her thighs and ass up against mine.

We danced to a couple more songs. Then we made our way out onto the patio, where a few joints were passed around. Charlene whispered into my ear that she wanted to go somewhere quiet, away from the crowd. I overheard some

of the people talking about our provocative dance steps and decided that Charlene and I should book.

Since I don't have a car, I had to borrow my buddy Jim's, and I then went back to fetch Charlene. But upon returning to the festivities, I found Charlene dancing with another guy. The lusty object of my desire was really getting into it with one of the artists from the office. At first, I was somewhat jealous, but I realized that Charlene was just enjoying herself with



whomever she could latch on to. So after they stopped, I latched on to her round backside and told her we were leaving. Charlene told me she needed to make a pit stop and would be right out.

After about five minutes I began to wonder about Charlene. Reentering the house, I made my way through the throngs of loud, obnoxious drunkards and waited outside the bathroom. But once there, even over the noisy din of the stereo and people's voices, I could hear Charlene moaning and groaning, as well as another voice I couldn't make out. They had forgotten to lock the door; so I peeked in and found Charlene sitting on the edge of the sink basin, legs spread and up in the air, while Jeff—one of the

artists from work—plowed her pussy.

Again, I was overcome with a mixture of jealousy, grief and sexual frustration. *What the hell does she see in that smart-assed little load?* I thought to myself. I knew I was much better-looking than that Michael J. Fox lookalike, but Jeff was one step ahead of me that night. I decided to forget about Charlene and went to look for Jim in order to give him back his keys. But once I reached him, I felt a tap on my shoulder.

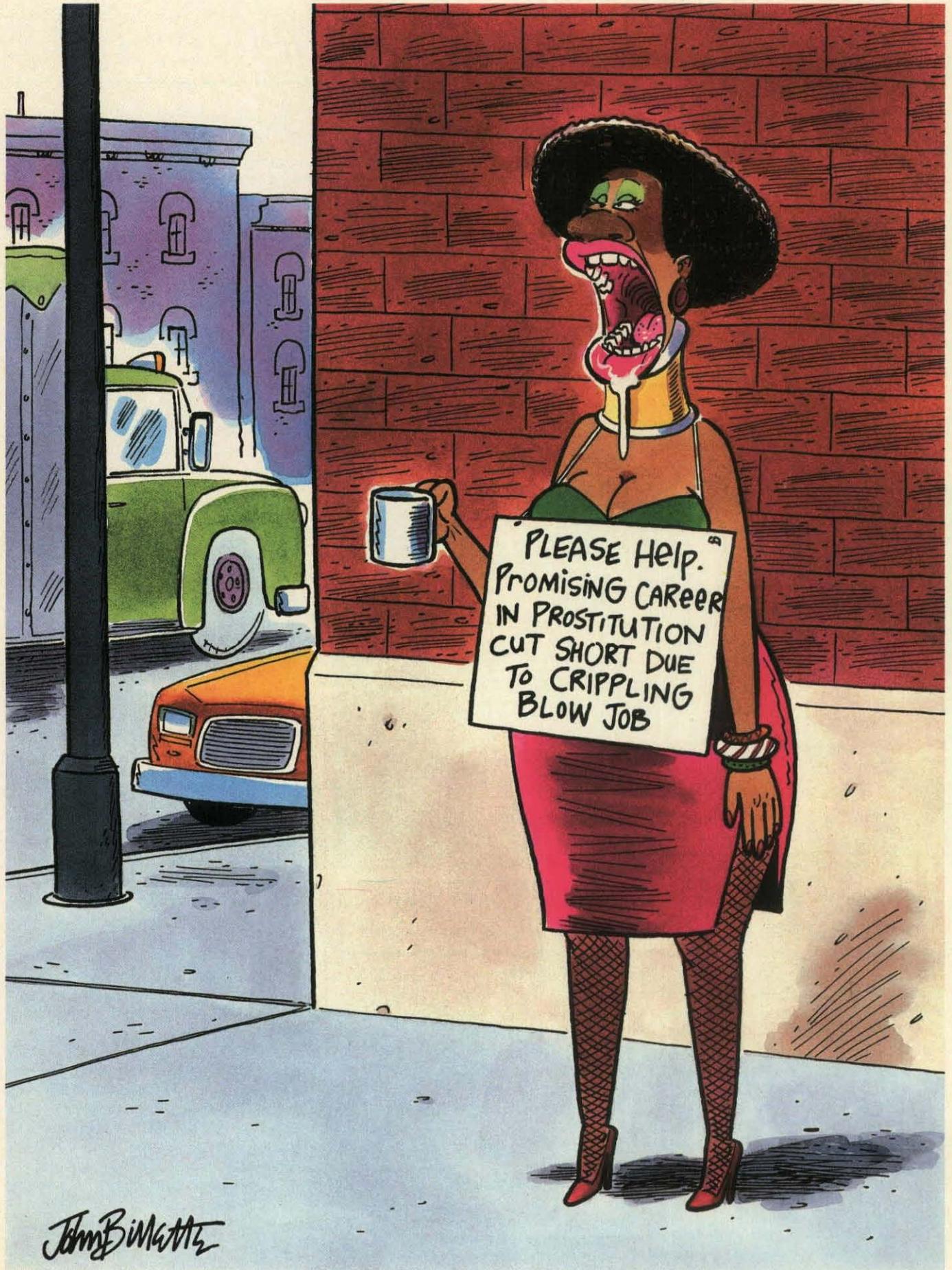
Sure enough, it was Charlene. With lipstick smeared and her hair messed up, she was inquiring as to when we were leaving. Initially, I wanted to tell her to fuck off. But Charlene looked so vulnerable—and fuckable—I didn't really care whether she had just finished with a truck load of illegal aliens.

As Charlene readjusted herself, we made our way to my friend's beat-up Cadillac. As soon as we were in the front seat, Charlene began unbuttoning my trousers to free my frustrated fuckstick.

With one swift swipe of her mouth, Charlene took my whole twitching tool between her teeth. I could feel my tip touch the back of her mouth, though Charlene didn't flinch a muscle and continued to work my wang into the deepest reaches of her throat.

Charlene had one hand around the base of my shaft, gripping and controlling the flow of blood into my boner like the talented prick professional that she was. With a swirl of her tongue, my office-mate tickled the underside of my crown, resuming her rhythm at my root, then—to fend off my orgasm—using her tongue like a snake to brush my cock slit.

We finally made our way to the beach and took up our physical pursuits on the sand. Charlene shimmied her way out of her old-wave rags and was now in the buff before me, showing off her shapely curves and gorgeous breasts. "First, Richard, I want you to fuck my tits," Charlene cooed with a slur as she offered me a perfect breast. "Then, I want your beanpole in my mouth. You're going to fuck my face, hard and fast, but I want



you to pull out before you come so that you can shoot off in my face. I want to taste your jism. And if you can get it up again, I want your sweet meat in my ass. Stick it in my pussy, work it around and get your cock nice and moist with my juice. Then shove it in my ass. Fuck me hard, Richard."

As Charlene tweaked her nipples to a sky-pointing hardness and cupped them, creating a valley of flesh for me to bore, her eyes sunk back in her head, and out she went. I couldn't believe my luck. This sexy nymphette, primed for a hard, nasty screw had gone toes up.

I tried to scoop Charlene up in my arms, but I wasn't strong enough; so I dragged her toward the car and struggled with her dead weight. I was finally able to

size. You see, Brenda has a weight problem—a big weight problem. I like to tease her about it, but she understands and doesn't get offended when I say she's going to the "Big Momma" shop. Honest, I really do love my wife, even though she's overweight.

Anyway, we were walking through the mall, and Brenda wanted to go to the large-size store. I told her I wanted to do something else, but the big little woman said she needed me to help her pick something out. To pacify Brenda, I went along.

I was just standing around looking at my wife while she looked at clothes when this fat lady bumped into me from behind. She apologized and walked away. Under my breath I said, "Boom, boom,



"I want your beanpole in my mouth. You're going to fuck my face, hard and fast. I want to taste your jism."

throw Charlene in the backseat, and returned to the party. Jim was outside on the lawn when I pulled up. With another sly grin, my office-mate said, "So she passed out on you, eh? Well, that's rock 'n' roll, babe."

—R. L.
Hollywood, California

boom!" Brenda gave me a dirty look; so I shut up.

Then two more overweight women came in the store. One of them held a dress up to herself and said to the other one: "I don't know. I think it makes me look fat."

"Like the fuckin' Hindenburg," I whispered.

"George!" Brenda said sternly. "Be quiet!"

But then the woman made another silly statement, and I made another smart-ass remark in reply. Pretty soon I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was the store manager. "Sir," she said, "I'm going to have to ask you not to insult my customers."

"Fine," I replied. "Sorry." And then, as the lady manager walked away, I blew up my cheeks real big and made a face at Brenda, then broke up laughing.

"Listen, buster," the manager said from behind me, "if you don't shut up, I'm going to kick you out of my store!"

"George, behave!" Brenda said.

"Yeah, George," one of the fat ladies I had been insulting said from close range, "shut up!" I turned, and the two of them were behind me—the manager as well as the one who had bumped into me.

I mumbled an apology, and the two obese females turned away again. "Let's go," I pleaded to Brenda.

But she was still searching through the racks for something that appealed to her. "Oh, keep your pants on, George, before you get hurt."

"Yeah, right," I said. "What are they going to do? Sit on me?"

A heavy hand was then placed on my shoulder, and I was spun around and forced to my knees. I looked up, but all I could see was the manager's monstrous breasts filling my field of vision. The woman raised her skirt and violently pushed my head under it. "Show me how sorry you are, fucker!"

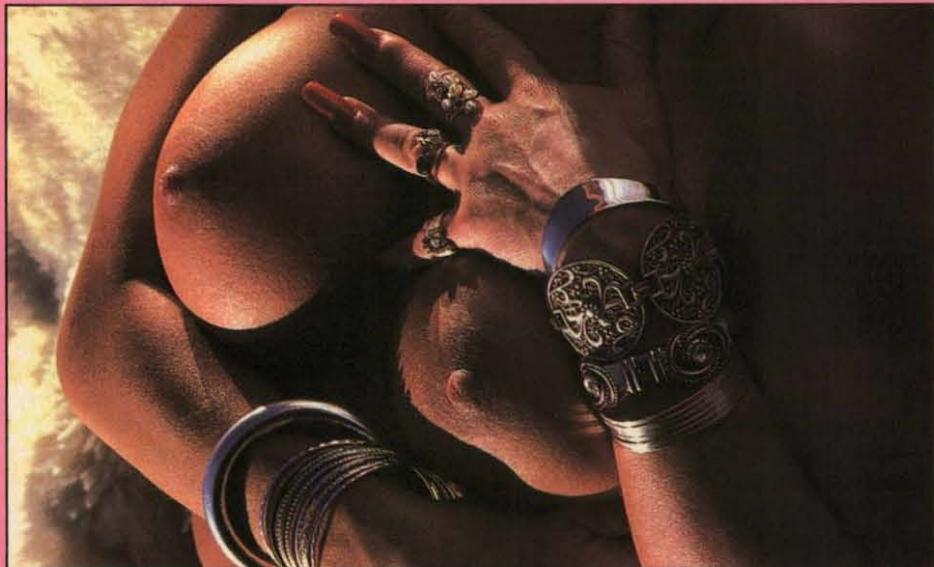
I hesitated, but before I could say anything more, the woman stepped forward and mashed my face between her sweaty thighs. The store manager held a heavy hand on the back of my head, grinding my nose into her large, hairy hooch. "That's it, bastard. Eat my muff," she whispered, and ground her snatch hard against my face. There was so much flesh and hair that I couldn't tell what I was doing, but it must have made her feel pretty good, because I felt her wet spot growing. With both thighs hammerlocked around my ears, this monstrous woman humped my face, tightening her grip on my head and stepping forward to completely overwhelm me. "I'll help you with that," my wife said to the manager, "while my husband pays his dues."

Before I knew it, my wife was holding me under the fat woman's dress. Brenda pulled aside the crotch of the manager's panties and made me lick her meaty cunt until she came. When she was finished, I was forced to eat Brenda's pussy too.

At last the two heifers were satisfied. My face was now covered with their sticky juices; my jaws ached; and my nose felt bruised from crashing into their pubic bones. I was thoroughly humiliated.

"Come on, George," my wife said as I knelt passively on the floor. "Let's go

The store manager held a heavy hand on the back of my head, grinding my nose into her large, hairy hooch.



home." I stood and followed her out the door, trying in vain to hide my rock-hard bone-on from the leering women.

As Brenda drove us home, she told me she and the store manager had set this all up. I slid over next to her on the front seat and played with one of her watermelon-sized boobs as she drove. Finally she took pity on me. "You can fuck me when we get home," my wife uttered.

You can bet I did just that. From now on, I'm going to do my best to keep my prejudices to myself. But I'll tell you one thing for sure: I'm never going back to that store!

—G. L.
St. Louis, MO

SAPPHO-STYLE STRAP-ON

The other night, when my boyfriend was out of town, I was lying in bed, horny as hell, fingering my pussy. I began remembering some experiences I had last year, hanging out with my wildest girlfriends. We'd be at someone's house partying all night, lying around in our bras and panties. Then we'd get turned on, and eventually someone would lean over and bite another girl's nipple or pinch an ass. Before you knew it, we would be rolling around on the bed giggling, giving each other massages. Sometimes we'd lick each other's pussies or finger-fuck ourselves into oblivion. But basically, we were all straight girls who loved cock and

would go back to our boyfriends ready for a good stiff schtup.

I was getting really worked up thinking about tasting pussy. Mine was wet by now, and I licked my fingers until I was nearly blind. I realized, I'm in San Francisco; there's more dykes here than anywhere in the world. My girlfriends sometimes frequented a bar where they said you could easily get picked up for a quick-

ie; so I decided to get dressed and go see for myself. I put on a tight miniskirt, my boyfriend's shirt and high heels—no underwear. I knew I looked really hot.

When I got to the bar, some of the butch dykes whistled at me, which turned me on. Women were dancing in the back to blaring music, and as I watched, I began to feel a pair of eyes piercing right through me. My heart practically jumped into my throat. It was her. She was tall and tough in jeans and leather jacket, with short red hair that defied gravity. Our eyes locked for a minute, and then I looked away. Suddenly a voice from behind whispered into my ear: "Dollface, I'd like to fuck your brains out." As we stared up at the video screen, I felt my nipples getting harder and harder. She put her hand under my skirt, pinched one of my cheeks and lifted it up, hard.

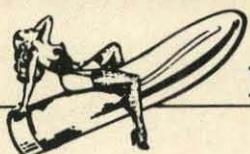
The tall redhead pulled up harder on my ass cheek, almost making me lose my balance. "My name's Terry," she breathed. "Let's go play." She took my hand, and I followed her, speechless, out of the bar to her motorcycle. As Terry took off with a jolt, my body surrendered against hers completely. Occasionally she reached back and pinched the inside of my thigh while the smell of her jacket and the rumble of the bike between my legs was making me crazy with lust.

When we got to her apartment, she took off her jacket, sat down on the

(continued on page 52)

She put her hand under my skirt, pinched one of my cheeks and lifted it up, hard. . . .





ARCHAIC SEX RITUALS



Illustration by John Andrews

Moving through the African brush, the girl's large breasts caught the rays of the Kenya moonlight. She was an uncircumcised member of the Nandi tribe en route to meet her lover. A soft cooing sound caught her attention. A teenage boy, standing tall, stepped out of his hiding place holding his erect penis. Running to him, she dropped to her knees, closing her mouth on the boy's uncircumcised rod. The boy, unsatisfied with her tongue, forced her into the African grass. Mounting her, he slid his hard piece into the warm confines of her vagina and began carefully pumping. The young man was well aware that he couldn't make a mistake. Impregnating a Nandi girl before her circumcision could mean her death.

* * *

With centuries of existence behind them, is it possible that the archaic cultures of Kenya have finely honed the art of sex?

In some instances the answer might very well be yes.

There are numerous tribes in Kenya—each one rich in traditional sex rites. The Nandi tribe has a custom that is every man's dream. From puberty, a young man is allowed to make love to his sisters-in-law as well as his stepmother. Thus, the family shows acceptance of his approaching manhood. The young man, though, is under obligation, when marrying, to make his wife available to his father and uncles. Just as that custom sounds inviting, the one concerning adult circumcision will not arouse.

The women of Nandi are subjected to a sexual rite that sometimes leads to death. Girls are circumcised shortly after beginning their menstrual cycle, an operation involving the cutting and exposure of the clitoris. (Grown-up girls are not

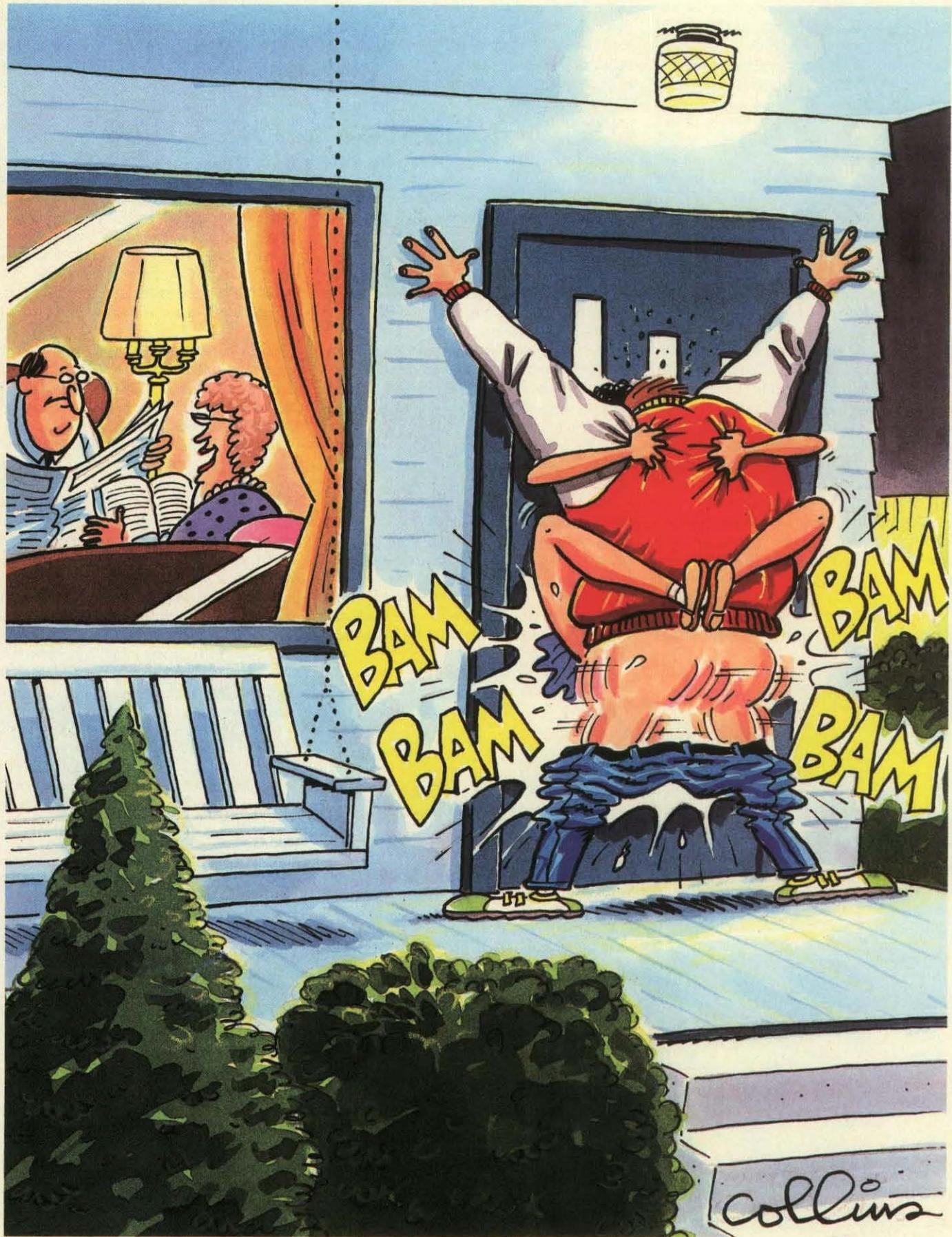
allowed to have sex during their fertile period, since pregnancy before circumcision is an embarrassment to her family. In the past, families have abandoned their daughters to the hyenas and jackals if found pregnant before circumcision.)

In order to be considered adults, the women of Nandi are exposed to a series of sex rituals that their Western counterparts would call hideous. The rituals, which last two days, start in the early morning with the shaving of the young girl's head. The hair is thrown toward the East, and a prayer is offered for her happiness. A purgative is then administered to clean the young girl's bowels. Then, in her mother's house, she is sat in a corner and told to strip and squat. With her legs apart, the virgin's vagina is closely examined by the sponsors and elders of the tribe.

After the examination is declared successful, the girl is taken to the house of her pater-

nal uncle. At her uncle's, she again sits and is stripped. With her legs apart, they vigorously pull at her clitoris and apply nettles to it. (The nettles will eventually have a numbing effect on the woman's skin.) A tendon is put around the clitoris and pulled tightly. This prevents the flow of blood, induces swelling and reduces the pain of the next morning's operation. When the ordeal is over, the girl is allowed to join in the virginal festivities. As the evening wears on, the tempo, drinking and dancing increases. Members of each sex reach such high pitches of hysteria that the ceremony often culminates with their falling to the ground, losing consciousness.

The last day of the ritual begins with buttered biscuits and tea, followed by more liturgical dancing. Finally, at 12 o'clock, the girl is taken to the ceremonial hut. Once again the subject



"Don't worry, dear . . . it's probably just Nancy saying good night to her date. . . ."

is seated nude on a stool. It is here the operation transferring her from childhood to womanhood will transpire.

When the mistress of ceremony enters, an elder of the tribe supports the girl's back. The mistress holds the girl's clitoris between the thumb and forefinger of her left hand. She uses a curved, highly sharpened piece of metal. It is intended that the clitoridectomy be done as quickly and smoothly as possible; but there are many cases when the operator slips, mutilating the labia. Profuse bleeding or even death can be the result of a mistake. After the cutting of the clitoris, the wound is dabbed with an application of ground millet. If the virgin displays any signs of cowardice, she can be beaten by the women who have been brave, and her sweetheart will be almost inconsolable, begging for a kind friend to spear him to death.

Naturally, if the woman meets all emotional and physical requirements, she is rewarded with gifts and praises. Upon marrying, one of the most important lessons to be learned by a new bride is that she must never refuse the sexual advances of her husband. If she resists, she may be forcibly held and made to submit.

The circumcision of the young Nandian man has a greater effect on his future than that of the woman. He must bravely endure the ordeal without blink-

ing or crying. Any sign of fear would be devastating to his and his family's lives. The ritual commences at midnight in front of the cattle corral. At this time, the boy is looked upon by his peers as being a docile steer. Warriors line up along the cattle chute to hoot, whistle, and prod him along. As the boy works his way through the warriors—a trial he must undergo four times—each man places biting swordlike nettles on the boy's face and genitals. Wriggling in pain, he fights back tears bravely, completing the first phase of the body-wrenching torment.

From the corral, he is led to the circumcision hut. There he holds his penis upright while being braced for the cut by one of his sponsors. In front of him, a spear is placed inches from his nose. While the boy's gaze is fixed on the spear, he is approached by the master of ceremonies. Drawing one hand over the boy's eyes, the master of ceremonies deftly severs the foreskin. He is now allowed to enter the world as a Nandian man.

* * *

The young American male was alarmed at his new wife. Their wedding night had been a torrent of fucking. Passionately, his bride had attacked his surprised cock time after time.

Two hours passed, and the young man, fearing for his life, threw the girl off. "You will not destroy me," he said while

dressing. The next day he reported the woman's actions to the village elders. He had been taught that for every ounce of sperm ejaculated, 40 ounces of blood were destroyed. In order to avoid premature death, deterioration of the mind and body, copulation should only transpire on a bimonthly basis. Everyone agreed, "A woman this disorderly is a threat to mankind and must be castrated." The following week the woman's clitoris was completely cauterized and her inner thighs and vulva blistered. A month later the doctors and clergy concurred: The operation had been a success. The woman was now orderly and industrious, harboring minimal sexual desire.

* * *

The above scene, a page out of early American history, is as sexually brutal as that of the Nandis. The only deviation is the location: the USA, home to some radically primitive actions of its own.

As late as 1958 a medical journal doctor advocated the circumcision of female infants. He reasoned that the clitoris, which is hidden at birth, collects dirt, germinating bacteria. Episiotomy, a form of female mutilation still practiced in this country, is another prime example of our uncivilized practices. According to one authority, episiotomy (the cutting of the membrane between the vagina and anus when the mother is birthing) is needed only 5 to 15% of the time, but is used in almost all deliveries. Dr. James C. Burt explains that he performs episiotomies with or without the patient's permission. It gives him an opportunity to resew the vagina, custom-fitting it to the penis.

Even though medical technology has increased our longevity and standard of living, our godlike doctors still expound the health benefits of primitive operations, such as circumcision. In 1975, *Nursing Care* held the uncircumcised penis responsible for penile and prostate cancer. The paper went a step further, claiming that female cervix cancer was also caused by the uncircumcised male. *Newsweek* endorsed and printed an article proclaiming this group suffered a higher rate of syphilis and gonorrhea. *The American Medical Journal* capped the show off by telling parents their uncircumcised sons would become abusive masturbators.

The medical media is responsible for the spreading of circumcision rumors, just as they are now exploiting the fallacies of AIDS. Since the enhancement of penile hygiene, 75% of the world's male population is now uncircumcised. There is only one reason—besides religion—why circumcision still exists: money. A whopping 200 million is paid out annually for circumcision. Who can blame a physician for wanting to cut twats and dicks? ☺



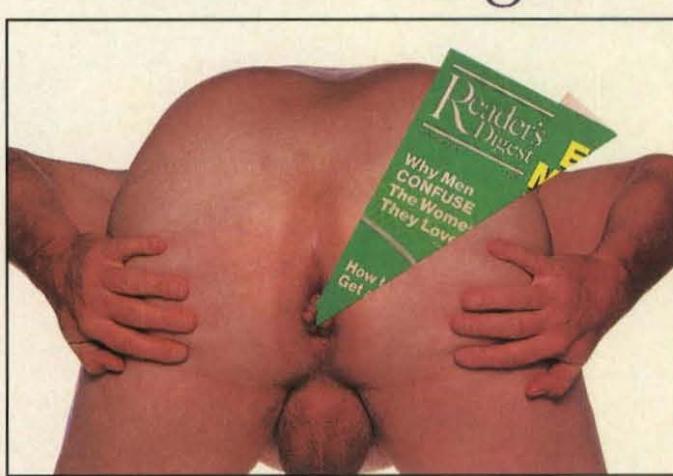
BITS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

For recommending that its readers join a campaign of censorship, *Reader's Digest* is Asshole of the Month.

Everyone who shits keeps this pile of paper handy, kind of like running the faucet when your bladder is on hold. *RD* doesn't even provide its own unique purging formula, instead passing second helpings of tedious items reprinted from publications that don't normally dump these loads as far and wide as this shit channel.

Imagine the tightened sphincters when adult, free-thinking *RD* users were confronted with a recent issue's article "Pornography on the March." This so-called report is a full and total release of the sexual constipation of America's uptight right, written by Betty Wein (who identified herself as a representative of Morality in Media, a notorious Catholic censorship gang). The article is a bowl-splattering



expulsion of the misconceptions, half-truths, and blind-morality hokum that we thought had been composted when the public buried the incredible Meese Commission report for the bullshit it was.

It is one thing for a publication to pass off as journalism an obviously biased commentary, allowing unattributed, unproven statements linking

erotica to organized crime, labeling government-mandated pay-TV channels set aside for public access as "porn channels," and insisting that voluntarily purchased mail-order porn violates federal law.

This loathsome butt nugget bemoans the fact that law enforcement priorities are on "murderers, rapists and burglars." *RD* farts in the face of

the courts, indignantly dealing with their inability to establish a precise definition of obscenity or pornography by providing its own: "dirty books and dirty pictures"—its seeming morality masking a deceptively dangerous influence. Already in America, moral minority pressure has yanked from newsstands not only adult publications but music magazines and even *Cosmo*, which was pulled for its *editorial* slant, not for showing tit.

RD earns the turd funnel award by going beyond the article's inflammatory (it contains a passage explaining how to commit deadly auto-erotic asphyxia) rumblings to include an outright call for censorship drives like those in Cincinnati and Atlanta.

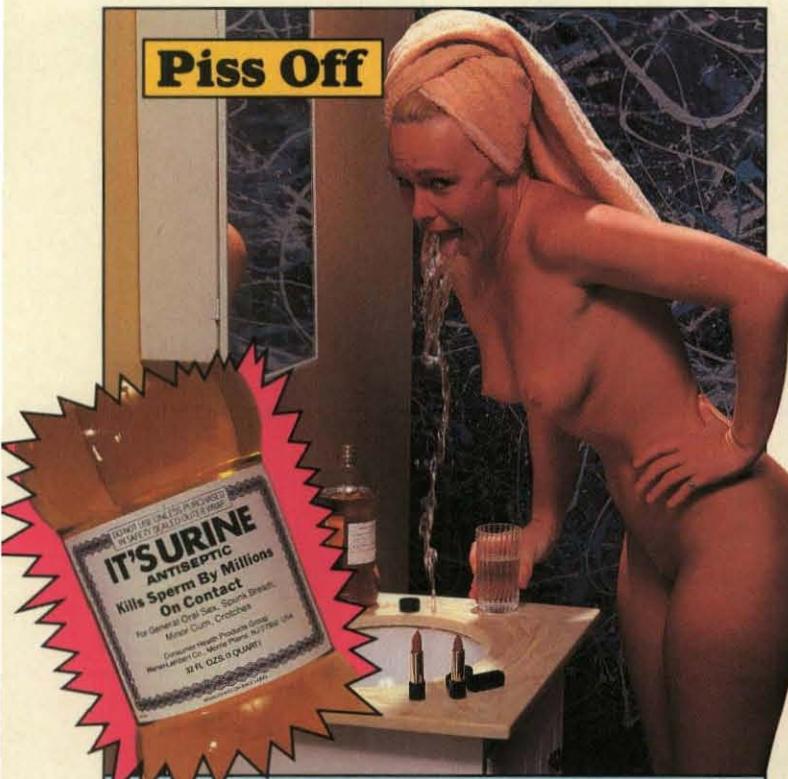
Join the fight against censors. Cancel your *RD* subscription with the notice that you don't tolerate censorship in a land of individual choice—unless you're prepared to let *RD* choose for you.

You've Come a Long Way, Lesbo!

In the old days, the most man-hating bulldyke could kick butt and eat pussy all she wanted . . . but she was still made to feel self-conscious about lighting up even a tiny cigar. Not anymore. Lucky Dyke cigarettes are your way of telling all the pricks in the world they can go blow smoke out their asses. SURGEON'S GENITAL WARNING: Lucky Dykes may be hazardous to male members.

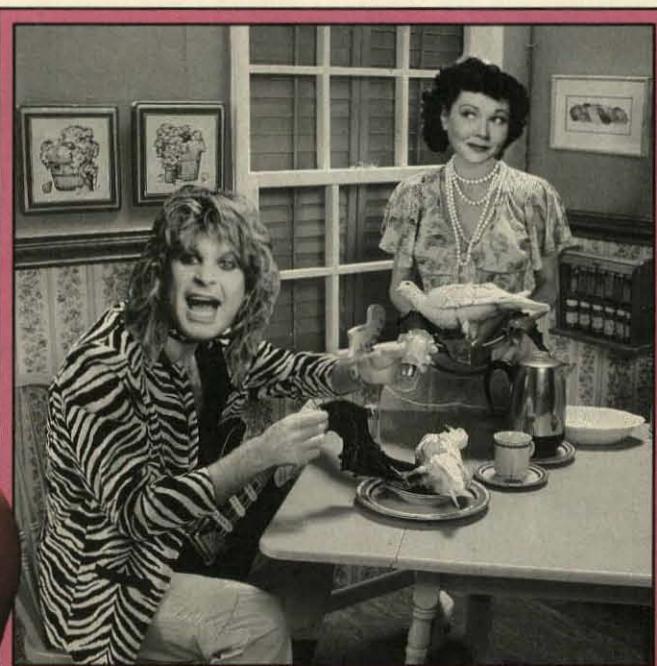


Piss Off



Le'ts face it, ladies—no matter how much you tell him you like it, a mouthful of jizz is about as appealing as a Drano enema. And the thought of all those little buggers squirming on your tongue makes you want to

puke, right? Well, now there's a better way. It's Urine antiseptic mouthwash will leave your tonsils clean as a whistle, thanks to a very special secret ingredient. We can't tell you what it is, of course, but think real hard. You may figure it out.



Celebrity heads stripped in on our models' bodies.

PARODY: Not to be taken seriously

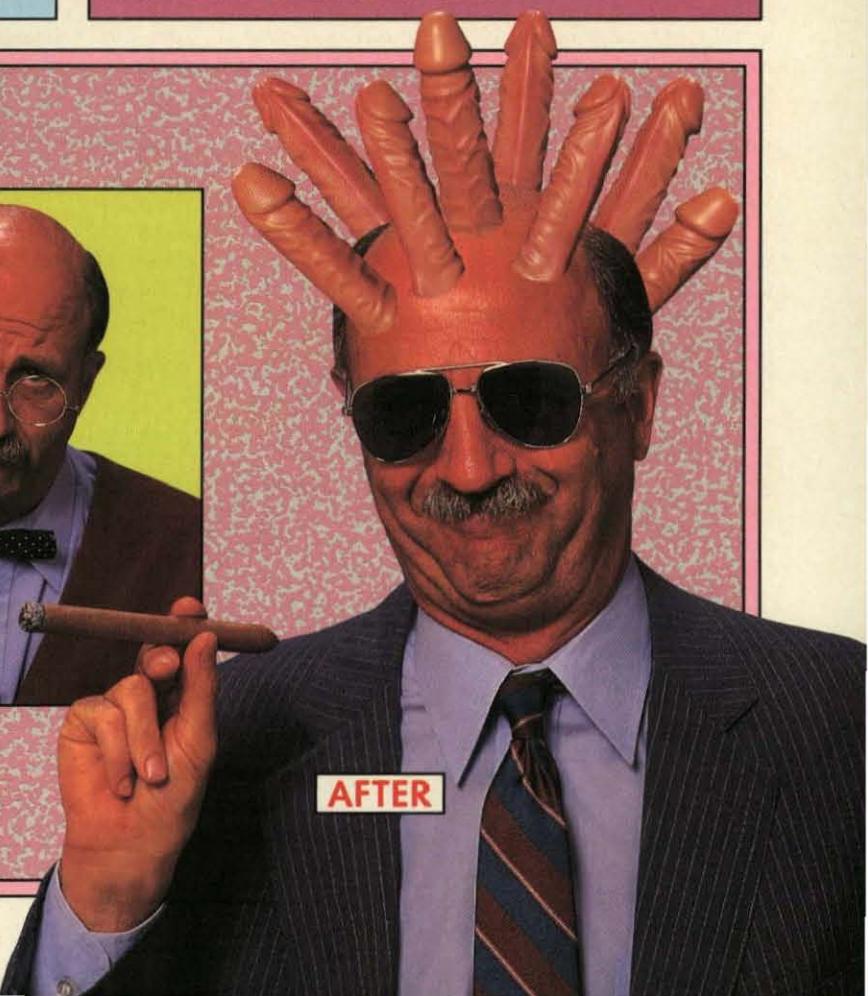
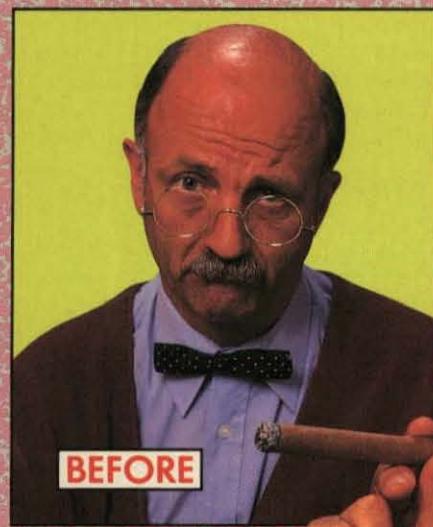
Ozzy and Harriet

The fabulous Fox network does it again. Now they're reviving that classic TV comedy, with Harriet Nelson playing the foil to a young, irrepressible Ozzy Osbourne. Of course, Osbourne was replaced after the first season, and went on to a

reasonably successful career as a rock 'n' roll singer. But that doesn't detract from the comic impact of episodes like this one, in which Harriet reluctantly fixes the Oz's favorite breakfast—but forgets to add the lizard brains!

Dickhead

Wake up, chrome dome! Stop trying to kid yourself that girls really do go for that "dignified" balding-pate look. Sure, you can blind motorcycle cops with the reflection off your skull, but that's all that hairless head of yours is good for. Don't give up hope, though, for now there's a miracle cure—new minoxydil is the untested wonder drug of the '80s. No, it doesn't grow hair, but something even better! What woman could resist the sight of a guy so masculine, he's got pricks to spare? Get with it while the stuff's still legal, and you too can let your sex life go to your head.



HUSTLER'S LIVE

PHONE SEX
ONLY \$6

FOR 10 MINUTES
OF **LIVE** HOT,
NASTY TALK



BILLED DISCREETLY TO YOUR
PHONE BILL

NO CREDIT CARDS NEEDED!

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976-6749

ADULTS ONLY!

976-6749

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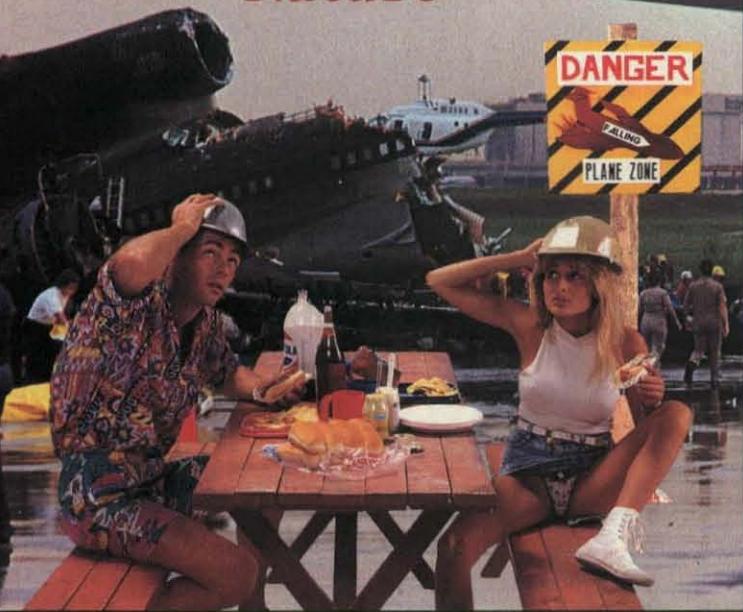
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ADULTS ONLY!

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Getting Back to Nature



With campground space at a premium these days, adventuresome picnickers are turning to unconventional locations. Los Angeles International Airport, for instance, periodically rents out

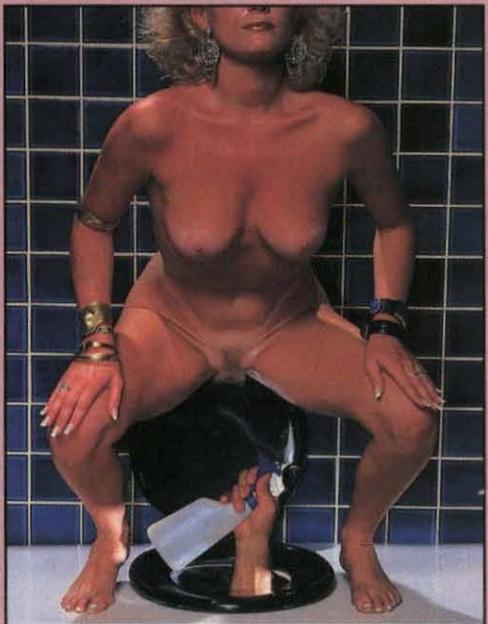
its Cerritos Memorial Runway, in between takeoffs and landings, of course. Sure, it's dangerous, but so is hang gliding on acid, and that doesn't stop millions of Americans from doing it every year.

Gunning the Engine



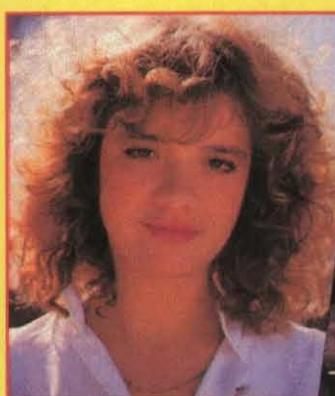
Considering the recent rash of highway hostility, wouldn't you rather tote this piece than bobbing dog heads, fuzzy dice and those stupid "Baby on Board" signs? Just mount these lifelike cardboard cutouts in your window, and show other motorists you demand the right of way. Choice of .22-, .38- and .45-caliber models should replace wimpy turn signals in no time.

Low-Budget Bidet

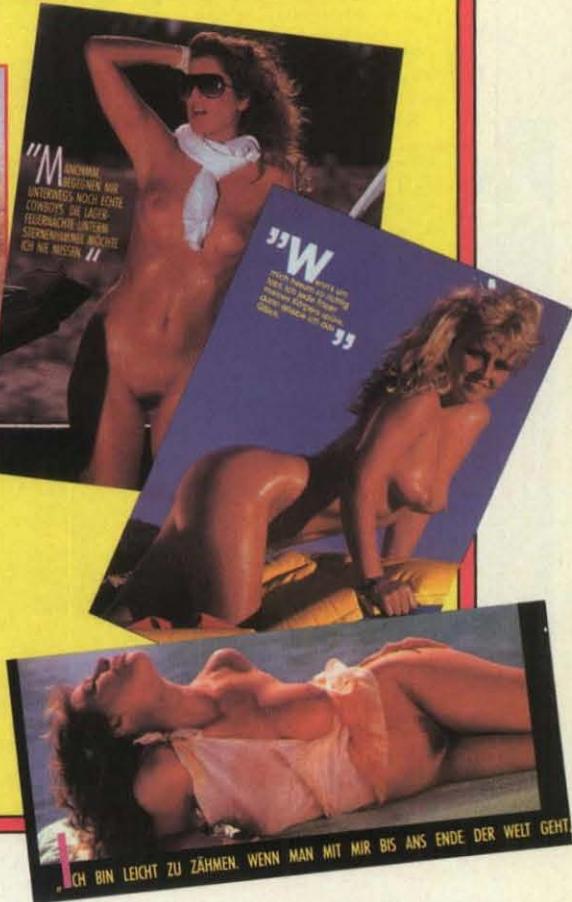


In a recent Perverts Anonymous survey, this ranked third from the top in the category of Most Desirable Job, right behind "lingerie stress tester" and "used-bicycle-seat inspector." To each his own.

HUSTLER Über Alles



Nicole Dorfler, executive editor of the German edition of HUSTLER, paid a visit to our Los Angeles offices recently. So far, the 23-year-old Teutonic dynamo is doing a bang-up job of bringing the vision of Larry Flynt to the land of VWs and sauerbraten. Good luck, Nicole.



Seeing-Eye Tot

Thank goodness the days are long past when orphaned waifs were sent off to hellish sweatshops. Now we can staff them with El Salvador immigrants, while youthful urchins can become productive members of the community, performing services like this. The hours are long, but the rewards are many—a big bowl of gruel at the end of the day and a good night's sleep while doubling as a human doorman or paper-weight. Another heartwarming contribution of Reaganomics.



Great Moments In Politics

The Pentagon called us mad!
But I tell you, with this weapon,
we can rule the world!
HA! HA! HA! HA!

"Star Wars" is such a crude name.
Don't you agree? I much prefer...
the Hypno-Death X-Ray Laser!



Two of President Reagan's most trusted military advisors debate the feasibility of the SDI missile defense system.



Some Like It Hot

The Best of CHIC #5 is on the market, and you'll want to grab the selection of top items from the magazine young adult males love to get off on. This special collector's edition definitely gives you more bang for the buck—beauties from around the world, Prince's girlfriend nude, profiles of sex and violence sleazemeisters Russ Meyer and Richard Kern and much, much more. So what are you waiting for?



Sex News Bits

FINAL

9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210

February 1988

Getting Into Some Panties

There's always a way, and a 22-year-old British man found it by breaking into a department store, where he was caught trying on women's underwear. He should have stowed away on a freighter to Japan, where a club of 600 members, plus hundreds of occasional visitors—all men—pay to dress up in a choice of hundreds of items of women's clothing—including padded bras and high heels. Claiming they aren't gay, the club owner says it's a Japanese businessman's stress-management technique.

Threadbare in Brazil

The land of the string bikini is not surprisingly an advanced nation as well in terms of TV advertising content. A court ruling a few years ago cleared showing nude bodies in shower scenes in ads—even preachers shower nude—and the latest trend is for fashion ads to show the product brief-

ly being slipped on and off naked Latin models. HUSTLER will keep its eyes peeled for developments in contraception and sanitary-napkin ads. North Americans, obviously, would respond differently to such things, as a Los Angeles medical organization spokesman noted when explaining the group's new billboards. Dr. Gary F. Krieger said many young people think the word *condoms* refers to condominiums; so the word *rubbers* is used in parentheses.

If at First. . . .

In a roundup of suspected "johns" in San Diego, police nabbed two men twice during the same night.

International Piss-Offs

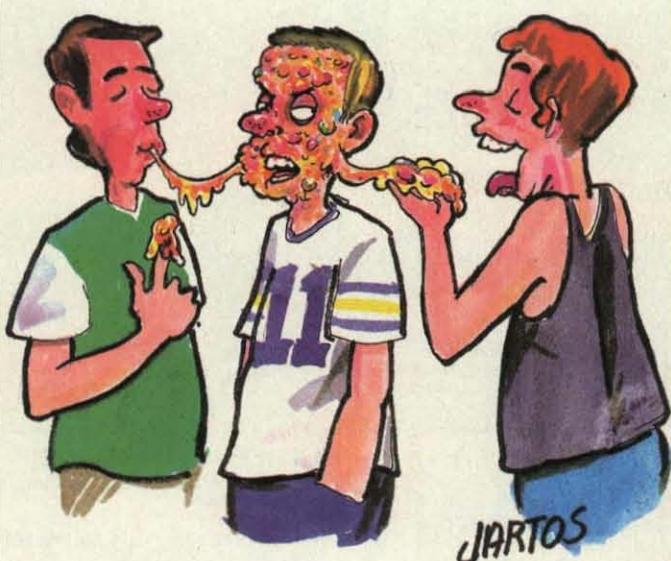
The Prince of Thailand left Japan early after his Nipponese chauffeur stopped the limo one day, stepped out, and whizzed by the roadside, a quaint Japa-

Porn from the Past



Don't get hung up on sleazy old smut from days gone by—it could net you a quick and easy \$150. Just send those old photos to your pals at "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your pictures returned. We'll pay \$150 for any we print.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"I'm getting tired of being treated like a 'pizza face'...."

nese custom. Slightly more offended were British Royal Marines who were hit on the head with a mallet by a drill instructor when they refused to drink piss. British courts overturned drill instructor Sergeant John Clooney's conviction as, in his words, he was just having a bit of fun.

Warming Up to Exploitation

A new approach to enlightening the narrow feminist consciousness seems to have developed in Sweden, an allegedly sexually liberated Scandinavian country. Even there lurk hard-line political feminists, a major group of which recently convened to watch a pair of male strippers—whose exploitation as mere physical objects of lurid attention was so popular, they had to add a second show. Could we hear soon that Motley Crue is booked for the Washington Wives' convention?

Contributors

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EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT



selecting an X-rated tape worth watching. HUSTLER is committed to serious, no-bullshit criticism designed to accurately inform readers of XXX-cinema offerings, and to spur the adult-entertainment industry to better productions. Despite their drastic decline, there will always be adult theaters, and we'd never leave a film buff in the lurch: If a review says a production was shot on film, it's probably playing on a big screen somewhere—all you have to do is find it.



SINSET BOULEVARD

Shot on Video.

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Jerome Tanner; starring Rachel Ryan, Nikki Knights, Paula Winters, Shana McCullough, John Leslie, Jerry Butler, Mike Horner and Billy Dee. Videocassette by Western Visuals.

With *Sinset Boulevard*, director Jerome Tanner transcends the porn-industry convention of aping current mainstream films (*Top Buns*, *In and Out in Beverly Hills*, *Thunderbone*, *Hannah Does Her Sisters*, ad nauseam) by taking that extra, daring step and mimicking a classic—Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard*. Parallels run consistently throughout *Sinset*'s borrowed storyline, with twists, social commentary and inside jokes thrown in for the sake of clever originality. Requisite-plus carnality is achieved by *Sinset*'s eight sin settings. Rejuvenated Rachel Ryan cocks in with five encounters, three of the tape-within-a-tape variety, including a sapphic triad and a rectal/vaginal biracial simulcrum. *Boulevard*'s fast-lane camerawork mixes in gynecological shots with all-around fuck footage of power-drilling and tease-dicking seen from an array of angles and positions. *Sinset*'s most exquisite moment is a splendid view of a woman's chin

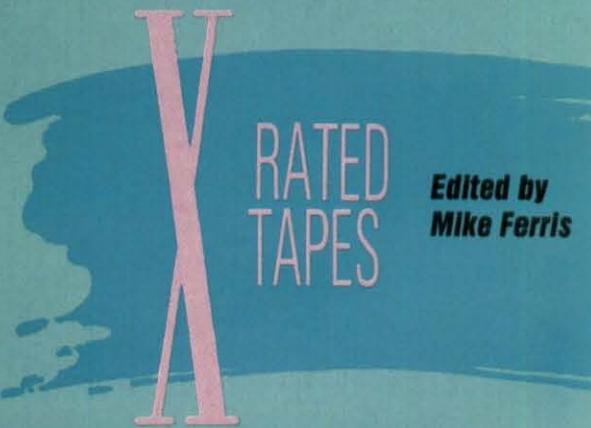
With more than a thousand hard-core movies being released each year for the home audience, viewers, increasingly confronted by seductive advertising and slick packaging, are often at a loss when it comes to



Sinsetter Shana McCullough rides tube steak.

nestled in a cunt as the femme's tongue laps down to spread pussy lips. This tape's drawback is a tendency of the girls, other than Ryan and Shana McCullough, to fall within the generic, cheap and available-looking porn-ginch category, but that's no reason not to take a cruise down *Sinset Boulevard*.

—Christian Shapiro



SEX SCENE



BALL IN THE FAMILY

A while back, the X-biz was abuzz with the prospect of real-life incest on video. Would Amber Lynn ball her brother Buck Adams, or wouldn't she? Well, she didn't. But fans of interfamily fooling around now have more fodder to fuel their fantasies: Two of porndom's blondest bimbos—Jamie (The Brat) Summers and Gail Force (seen here together in a rare clothed moment from Army Brat)—have mothers who are stepping into the limelight themselves. It's a fact. Summers and her mommy dearest will both appear in Momma's Little Brat for Vivid Video. But the only mother/daughter lez-fest will be in your mind, as the elder Summers has a nonsex role. Randi Force, mommy to Gail, recently made her stripped-and-spread debut in the pages of a men's magazine. While there are no plans at the moment for an onscreen mother and child reunion, any video offer Randi does accept will undoubtedly feature a strong dose of parental poon. These modern moms have put a whole new spin on child-rearing. In the past, the folks might have disapproved of their porn slut-daughter's professions—now they'll argue over who gets top billing.

MEMOIRS OF A CHAMBERMAID

Shot on Video.

Totally Limp. Directed by Eric Edwards; starring Krista Lane, Brandon, Shanna McCullough, Ona Zee, Nick Random, Renee Summers, Robert Bullock and Wayne Stevens. Videocassette by Arrow Video.

A few years ago somebody got the idea that women didn't like old-fashioned hardcore porn, and the so-called "couples" tape was born. Since that fateful day thousands and thousands of feet of perfectly serviceable videotape have been wasted in the name of romance. Now Eric Edwards, who seems like a nice enough schmo, comes along and drops this noisome butt-nugget

on the market—if you want to see the worst, most boring, utterly unstimulating couples tape, look no further. Here's what you get: a piddling quartet of sex scenes, only one of which features a cum-shot (and even that looks suspiciously faked), plus a lot of sleep-inducing dialogue. Edwards and his well-padded partner Renee Summers wrote this drivel—letting either one of them near a typewriter should be a felony. It takes for-fucking-ever to get started. There are few visible penetrations and nary a dick-stiffening moment in the whole damn yawn.

The Diary of Anne Frank packs more erotic punch than this memoir—it's a tape so bad, you'll wish it was over before it starts. This Chambermaid should be squeezed out, pinched off and plopped right into the old chamber pot.

—A. J. Evans

MADE IN GERMANY

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Angela Baron, Tracey Adams, Mike Horner, Tom Byron, Tiffany Blake, Joey Silvera, Jerry Butler and Alicia Monet. Videocassette by Fantasy Home Video.

Teutonic temptress Angela Baron, the German-born gash with made-in-America mams, is a great one for Tirolean the hay. Blond übermadchen Baron, with Tom Byron and Jerry Butler Sturm-und-Dranging either end of her, poses for plenty of suck shots as peg slips into her slot. She also squats on Tracey Adams' face, obscuring all but her chin and lapping tongue, and splays her superb Valkyrie buns so Mike Horner's mug can weasel around her G-string for a stint of ass-worshiping. Adams lies still for Joey Silvera stirring up several thick pats of penis butter in her cleavage, Byron and But-



Tracey Adams and Angela Baron get Made in Germany.

ler reprise their dual dick routine on moaning brunette Alicia Monet, and Horner licks the boots and stockings of blond bimbage Tiffany Blake. Unfortunately, *Made in Germany* leans toward excessive exposition, which means lots of talking reveals everything there is to know about these one-dimensional cartoon caricatures of subhuman beings, all of whom would be better off fucking Baron for a fourth and fifth time, a final solution we could all live with. —C. S.

X-RATED CARTOONS, VOLUME TWO

Offenders of the Universe and Star Trap

Totally Limp. Directed by Arthur King. Videocassette by Excalibur.

Actually, it's probably unfair to judge an X-rated, feature-length cartoon by the same standards one applies to conventional porn. But even viewed as a novelty item, the second offering in Arthur King's already interminable series of animated adult-features qualifies strictly as a waste of time. The only people who might appreciate it are far

too young to watch it, and we adult porn-hounds are accustomed to a lot more fuck for the buck. Even if this cartoon carnality was a turn-on (it isn't), few pud-pounders would settle for the scanty helpings found here. Oh, the production itself is fine—the animation was done in Japan and recalls the kitsch classic *Speed Racer*. But once you've seen a real woman suck and get fucked by a real cock, this animated junk just doesn't cut it. Perhaps if King had the wit of raunchy cartoon pioneer Ralph Bakshi, he could have pulled it off. But as it is, what you have here is a silent whoopee cushion. After sitting through 76 minutes of *X-Rated Cartoons*, even the worst live-action video looks good in comparison—almost.

—A. J. E.



THE IMMORAL MISS TEEZE

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Jack Genero; starring Erica Boyer, Melissa Gee, Ron Jeremy, Frank James, Taylor Maison, Ronnie Dickson, Marc Wallice and Tony Martin. Videocassette by Cal Vista.

Using a gender-bender twist on a Russ Meyer title, *The Immoral Miss Teeze* never amounts to anything but a semi-please. The always lascivious Erica Boyer stars as a door-to-door saleswoman, peddling her line of cosmetics. As any salesperson knows, close contact with a customer is essential. Ron Jeremy samples her wares, then gives the hot-blooded Boyer a creamy lotion of his own in a fairly routine gash grind. For the most part, almost all the sex in the film consists of lackadaisical lustng. When Ronnie Dickson gives a header to Tony Martin, you'd swear she's asleep. The only time a bit of sizzle shows is in a throbbing threesome between Boyer, Melissa Gee and Frank James. Considering Boyer is in four of the film's six fuck scenes, the rise and fall of the pecker potential rests mainly with her. She turns in an adequate, though not inspired, performance, with one of her patented bunghole bonanzas sorely needed to spice things up. Tech credits are marginal, with a canned score that's been used to death. *Miss Teeze* could use more sleaze.

-Sam Lowry



TRISEXUAL ENCOUNTERS NUMBER 6

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Starring Brandy Lee, Viper, John Peters, Keisha, Cassandra del Rio, Lolita, Cory Monroe, Christie Michaels and Marc Skovras. Videocassette by L.A. Video.

In the prelude to *Trisexual Encounters Number 6*, co-hostesses Shannon and Michele promise that "a surprise or two" is on the way, and though nothing happens that will catch the sophisticated viewer un-

VIDEO OF THE MONTH



Buck Adams and Siobhan Hunter tag-team Janette Little dove.

L PRETTY PEACHES 2

Shot on Film.

Fully Erect. Directed by Alex deRenzy; starring Siobhan Hunter, Tracey Adams, Janette Little dove, Melissa Melendez, Ashley Brown, Jamie Gillis, Tami White, Ron Jeremy, Peter North, Billy Dee, Buck Adams, Herschel Savage and F.M. Bradley. Videocassette by VCA Pictures.

Alex deRenzy's long-awaited follow-up to his 1978 *Pretty Peaches* is not the comic/erotic masterpiece the original was, but it's still a trouser-tightening turn-on with laughs to boot. Although a sequel in name only, *Peaches 2* again concerns the Candide-like misadventures of a young girl on the road; Siobhan Hunter replaces Desirée Cousteau, and she makes a surprisingly credible sexual naif in search of enlightenment. Needless to say, she's a fast learner. Her education begins in a mattress-mashing motel rendezvous with Buck Adams and Janette Little dove, whose supernatural breasts continue to exert an eerie fascination. Next she meets her demented relatives, the *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* clan of porn. Hunter is seduced by Jamie Gillis in drag—he strips off a granny outfit to finger, suck and butt-bang the eager young sexual novitiate. A two-couple fuckathon delivers stereophonic snatch-slapping. Melissa Melendez, singularly un-

convincing as an Oriental sex slave, nonetheless provides some welcome lesbian lube-lapping action. And Peter North shoots his patented wall of jizz on both Adams and Hunter. All eight full-blown sex scenes are red-hot and well-handled; deRenzy is a master at getting the perfect angle on juicy cumshots and sweaty organs. In the end, Hunter wakes up and realizes it was all only a dream (oops—I gave it away), but even this cretinous finale doesn't detract from the work of an enthusiastic, all-star cast and a veteran pornmeister. DeRenzy has done it again.

-Mike Ferris

Tracey Adams,
mom to Peaches.





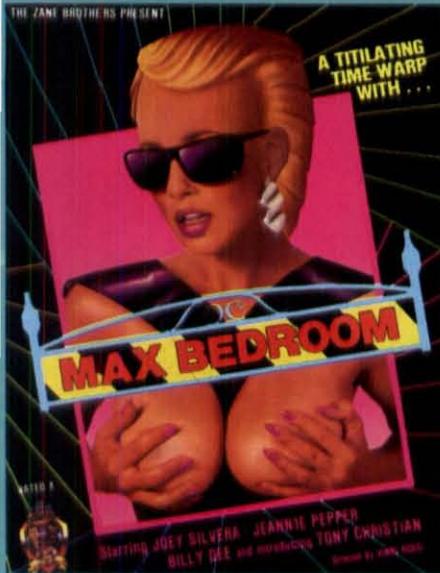
MAX BEDROOM

Shot on Video.

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Ethan Marks; starring Joey Silvera, Jeannie Pepper, Billy Dee, Sunny Daye, Molly Munro, Jonathan Lee, Blake Palmer, Toni Kristian, William Margold and Frankie Leigh. Videocassette by The Zane Brothers.

Don't let the cute title fool you—this is one fecal fuckvid. Miserable from opening to closing, *Max Bedroom* generates about as much heat as an Eskimo's ass. Joey Silvera plays the nebbishy sex census taker Max, assigned by boss Toni Kristian to check out the lusty life in Smallville, a place that's supposedly a hotbed of activity. What he finds there is a lot of fucking and sucking going on, but it's action that has all the passion of a rectal exam. Scene after scene of dreary donging ensues, perhaps best typified when Billy Dee is asked to unload on Jeannie Pepper's face, and comes out with barely a dribble. Molly Munro plays one of Smallville's older women who lusts after a big bang, and her two fuck scenes are so bad they're almost hilarious. This woman doesn't moan or groan when getting drilled; she brays like a delirious donkey. Rhonda Jo Petty lookalike Sunny Daye is the only cast member that even incites a minor pecker pucker, but it's in a losing cause. Even porn stalwart Bill Margold looks like he's bored to tears in the film's closing grind with Toni Kristian. The production values are below substandard levels, with the sound and photography provided by the Helen Keller Visual Arts Center. Of course, *Max Bedroom* will draw curiosity seekers with its witty name, but don't be duped. This is one t-t-terrible f-f-film.

-S. L.



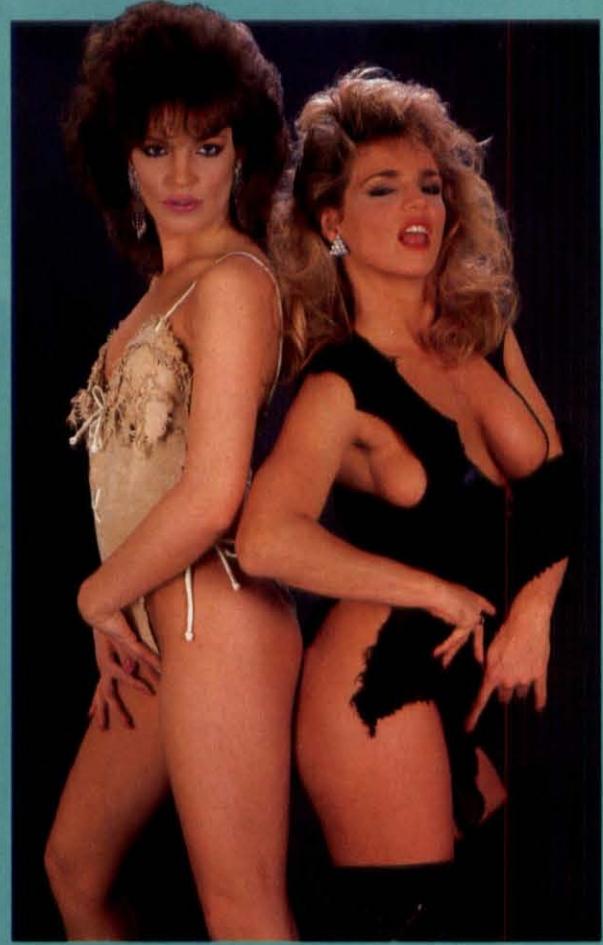
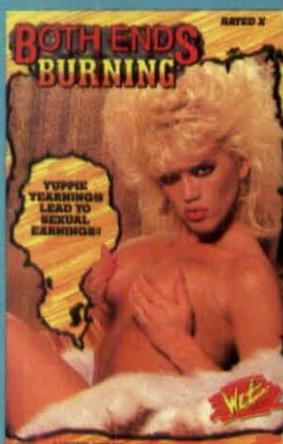
BOTH ENDS BURNING

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Adele Robbins; starring Amber Lynn, Sharon Mitchell, Sabrina Jurgens, Bionca, Buddy Love, Johnny Nineteen and Jerry Butler. Videocassette by Wet Video.

Sharon Mitchell, the focal character in *Both Ends Burning*, is cast as a prude whose free-loving friends and frustrated husband make her vacation increasingly uptight. The only thing less likely than Mitchell as a repressed cunt is Amber Lynn as a cunt lawyer, but this is the fantasy world of porn portrayals, a world in which there are no surprises. *Ends Burning* stays true to the X-formula of predictable reality: Mitchell, triggered by a chance clit-to-clit with masseuse Sabrina Jurgens, transforms into a raging slut. Hubby Jerry Butler, after sampling Bionca and Lynn's strange delights and witnessing thigh-booted Mitchell wanton-fucking Buddy Love, reaffirms his love for mate Mitchell, sobbing profusely. Viewers may also be sobbing—though they have been treated to a few wide-eyed Amber Lynn blowjobs, the audience has also endured peevish histrionics, a hideous horror-movie/classical soundtrack, a no-show money-shot and impossible continuity (how, if he were fucking Lynn at the time, did Butler see Love boning Mitchell?). *Both Ends Burning* won't light many fires.

-Kurt Blume



Bionca and Erica Boyer at Loose Ends.



LOOSE ENDS VOLUME III

Shot on Video.

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Bruce Seven; starring Bionca, Eric Boyer, Sheri St. Clair, Siobhan Hunter, Jessica Wilde, Nikki Randall, Francois Papillon, Tom Byron, Peter North, Randy West and Scott Irish. Videocassette by 4-Play Video.

With its easy-flush storyline and standard cast of gonads, *Loose Ends Volume III* may seem like a stew of leftovers from *Volumes I* and *II*, but there are plenty of delectable tidbits to whet the porn-loving perv's pud-pulling palate. *Loose Ends III* bends over forward; the recurrent rear-entry cunt-licking starts with Tom Byron tongue-burrowing perky and petite Nikki Randall after she's spanked his bare bottom, and finishes in a closing six-sick orgy replete with leather, chains and other impedimenta of kink. This final confrontation includes a pair of double dorkings (Sheri St. Clair takes a flesh penis in her pussy and Bionca's strap-on in her shitter), hot candle wax on Erica Boyer's fleshy parts and two hands in one cunt, climaxing with three dudes and latex-equipped Bionca standing around to jerk off on the supine St. Clair and Boyer. Mixed throughout are anal probes, desk-top romance, femme rim shots, handfuls of fingers in twat holes and a smothering smear of Peter North's spume on Siobhan Hunter's mug. Still, it's a sad day when such loose scraps as these make up one of the hottest tapes in recent, fading memory.

-K. B.



STRICTLY BUSINESS

Shot on Video.

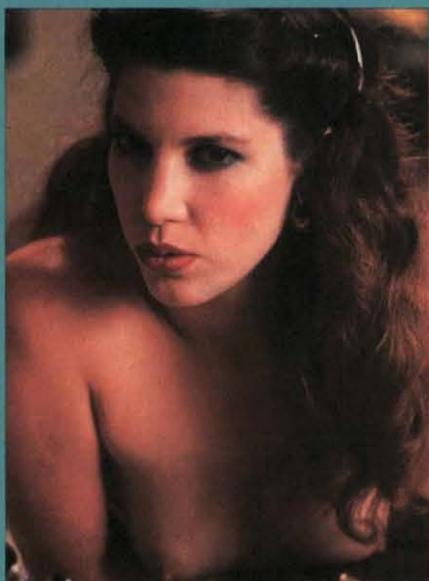
Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Harold Lime; starring Sharon Kane, Robert Bullock, Randy West, Krista Lane, Shana McCullough, Billy Dee, Lacy Logan, Scott Irish and Nina Hartley. Videocassette by Vivid.

The dramatic limitations of porn are less evident when the medium spotlights an industry even sleazier than its own. This slime-depicts-slime artifice is employed with great success in *Strictly Business*, with orifice-thespians giving entirely accurate portrayals of typical lowlife, sleazebag advertising account executives. Transplanted New Yorkers Robert Bullock and Sharon Kane (Kane, upon coming to California, has sprouted an Amber Lynn hairdo and learned to act the bimbo) share a couple of couplings. One is actually a tripling, with Bullock and Kane tonguing creases into Krista Lane's crevice before Bob bops Krista's buns as she gnaws Sharon's nookie. Skilled pros Billy Dee and Shana McCullough match



Strictly Business: Billy Dee and Shana McCullough shoot dirty pool.

pudenda in a billiard-table boff, and skilled pros Bullock and Nina Hartley go at it on a sofa. Dark-haired, no-tit newcomer Lacy Logan, grinning insipidly and bobbing mindlessly, proves she's really quite an actress and game for degradation at depth by first sucking, fucking and accepting the jizz of Randy West, then doing the same for Scott Irish. Where do smut-mongers find these vapid, lame holes? She appears to have come straight from some obscure receptionist's desk. All in all, *Business* presents a negative stereotype of women (and men) in the corporate work force, but one that's easy to believe. —C. S.



HOT SPOT

SIOBHAN HUNTER

The sultry star of our current video of the month, *Pretty Peaches 2*, transplanted New Yorker Siobhan Hunter possesses a number of unusual qualities, including an unpronounceable name (show-ban) and what you might call "offbeat looks." While in the case of Meryl Streep, that phrase is a euphemism for "butt-ugly," Siobhan is, in fact, a strikingly attractive change of pace from the run-of-the-mill porn clones. She even resembles Brooke Shields a bit, at least if you squint, have a few beers and imagine Brooke sucking and fucking her way through some of the blue screen's hottest sexvids. Siobhan is one of those rare X-rated film presences who's fun to watch even when she's *not* fucking. But you should check out her considerable carnal talents in flicks like *Temptations of the Flesh*, in which Paul Thomas performs a seldom-seen ass-to-cunt-to-mouth dick relay on her elastic orifices, with nary a touch of the washcloth in between. Also worth viewing are *The Oddest Couple*, *Three Daughters*, *Sex Crimes 2084*, *Little Shop of Whores* and *Rio Heat*.



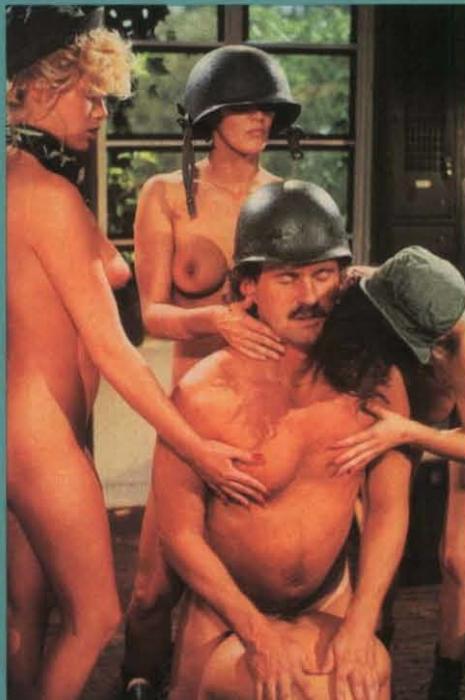
ARMY BRAT

Shot on Video.

Half Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Jamie Summers, Gail Force, Nikki Knights, Kim Alexis, Tom Byron, Scott Irish and Joey Silvera. Videocassette by Vivid Video.

Along with the same insipid "She's Just a Brat" theme song, many repeat performers and a similar opening gambit of Tom Byron licking and dicking delectable Jamie Summers as she, in a trancelike state of oblivious self-absorption, ignores him, *Army Brat* shares some fundamental shortcomings with its predecessor, *Brat on the Run*. Both boast production values and farcical portrayals of situation-comedy confrontations; neither has a surplus of physiologically effective eroticism. Other than Nikki Knights boffed in butch military drag (Knights in khaki and flak vest bears an uncanny resemblance to Charlie Sheen, were Sheen capable of looking like a man) and the intrinsic value of the undercapitalized asset-pool of Summers, Gail Force and Kim Alexis, *Army Brat* has little to interest a stroker. At points, it takes broad swipes at shallow, meaningless lifestyles, but can a poignant look at shallow, meaningless lifestyles succeed when it itself is shallow and meaningless? *Army Brat* aspires to the level of bad television. Unfortunately for Vivid Video, the market for bad television is already tuned in to the Fox Network. —C. S.

Brat: Joey Silvera in basic training.





DOUBLE BLACK FANTASY

Shot on Video.



Brazilian sleaze queen Elle Rio triples her fun in Fantasy.



TAIJA

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Jerome Tanner; starring Taija Rae, Nina Hartley, Rachel Ryan, Herschel Savage, John Leslie, F.M. Bradley, Marc Wallice, Steve Drake and Randy Paul. Videocassette by Western Visuals.

Aside from raking in some fast, cheap bucks, title twat Taija Rae is *Taija*'s raison d'être, appearing in eight of the tape's nine full-blown fucks. Before reporting this flagrant overworking of fragrant Rae to the Labor Board, be advised that *Taija* is a cleverly constructed compilation tape, yet another of Jerome Tanner's ingenious methods of repackaging old material under a new cover. In this disguised recycling, nutcase Rachel Ryan treats psychiatrist Herschel Savage to a series of flashbacks in which she dreams she is sex sensation Taija Rae. Though Rae's weight fluctuates like a schizophrenic's mood ring from scene

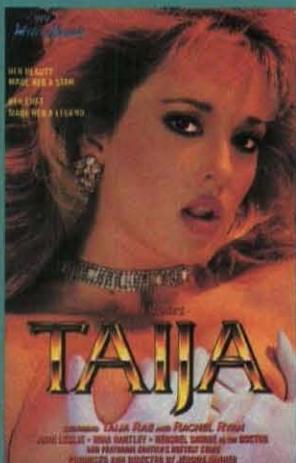
to scene, she is a consistent cock-inflamer, going three rounds with Nina Hartley, three with Herschel Savage (whose weight does not fluctuate), and one each with Marc Wallice, Steve Drake, Randy Paul, John Leslie and F.M. Bradley. New footage features Ryan, three of her own fingers distending her asshole, being cunt-dicked by therapist Savage. *Taija* has many perfect shots, including Rae and Hartley going butt-to-butt, snatch-humping a double-header, their twin assholes winking at one another over the length of pussy-implanted pseudobone. *Taija* may be short on variety, but penis-poised perverts will shudder with delight—this old material is worth repackaging.

-K.B.

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Bill Blackman; starring Gail Force, Elle Rio, Nina DePonca, Dana Dylan, Ray Victory, Frank James, Scott Irish, Tanya Fox, Damian Cashmere, Sasha Gabor and F.M. Bradley. Videocassette by Coast to Coast Video.

Between clips of fervently filthy fornicating, Elle Rio addresses the audience directly, narrating her advancement from simple, romantic sex to the realm of kink-butt sluttishness. While Elle's English is broken at best, her cock-bursting, cunt-drenching actions speak eloquently of the progress she has made. Whether slavering in Gail Force's slit, shoving her face and fingers into Dana Dylan's spread front hole as Sasha Gabor's log jams Dana's dumpster, or instigating a three-hole punch by sticking a finger up her own asshole while sucking F.M. Bradley's dark dork, Rio's is the sleaze that sizzles. Her supporting cast is also full mast, with Damian Cashmere beating his big meat on Dylan's vulgar mug, Tanya Fox massaging her tonsils on male member, Frank James eating around lacy gift wrapping to get at Nina DePonca's trimmed quim, and Scott Irish drilling the cunts of DePonca and Fox. *Double Black*'s camera moves from hot spot to hot spot, bringing out the best of these amped encounters, all of which are loud and avid. Other than an apparently spurious spunk-shot, a thick pattern of bruises on Rio's thighs and no dick in Gail Force, *Double Black Fantasy* is erotic-dream fuel.

-K.B.



STROKER'S GUIDE

This column lists and rates erotic videos and films (F) reviewed in the past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER'S EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE. All titles are available on videocassette.

Fully Erect

- Babyface 2 (F)
- Club Ecstasy
- Dream Girls
- Taboo V (F)

Trampire

- Trisexual Encounters #5
- What Kind of Girls Do You Think We Are?

One-Quarter Erect

- Close Friends
- Cravings (F)
- Jewels of the Nile
- Naughty Ninja Girls
- Vas-o-line Alley (F)

Totally Limp

- California Fever
- Sticky Situation
- Thunderstorm (F)

Half Erect

- The Adventures of Dick Black, the Black Dick
- Bad Attitude
- The Black Anal-ist
- Brat on the Run
- Chocolate Dreams
- Critical Positions
- Crystal Blue
- Diamond Collection, Volume 80
- The Huntress
- Maximum Head
- Miami Spice (F)
- Mimi
- Peggy Sue
- Tai Spin Deliveries in the Rear, Part II
- A Taste of Black

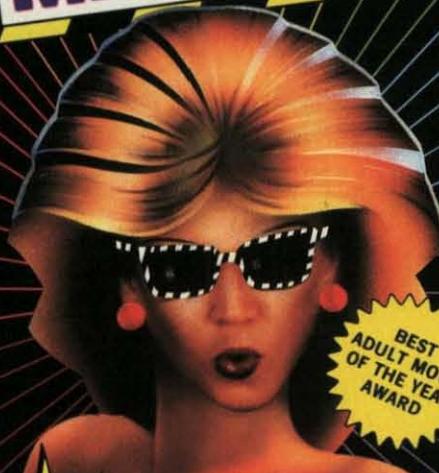
RATING GUIDE

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| | FULLY ERECT |
| Superior. A top production. | |
| | THREE-QUARTERS ERECT |
| Above average. Hard-on material. | |
| | HALF ERECT |
| Standard fare. Has moments. | |
| | ONE-QUARTER ERECT |
| Poor. Don't expect much. | |
| | TOTALLY LIMP |
| A waste of time and money. | |

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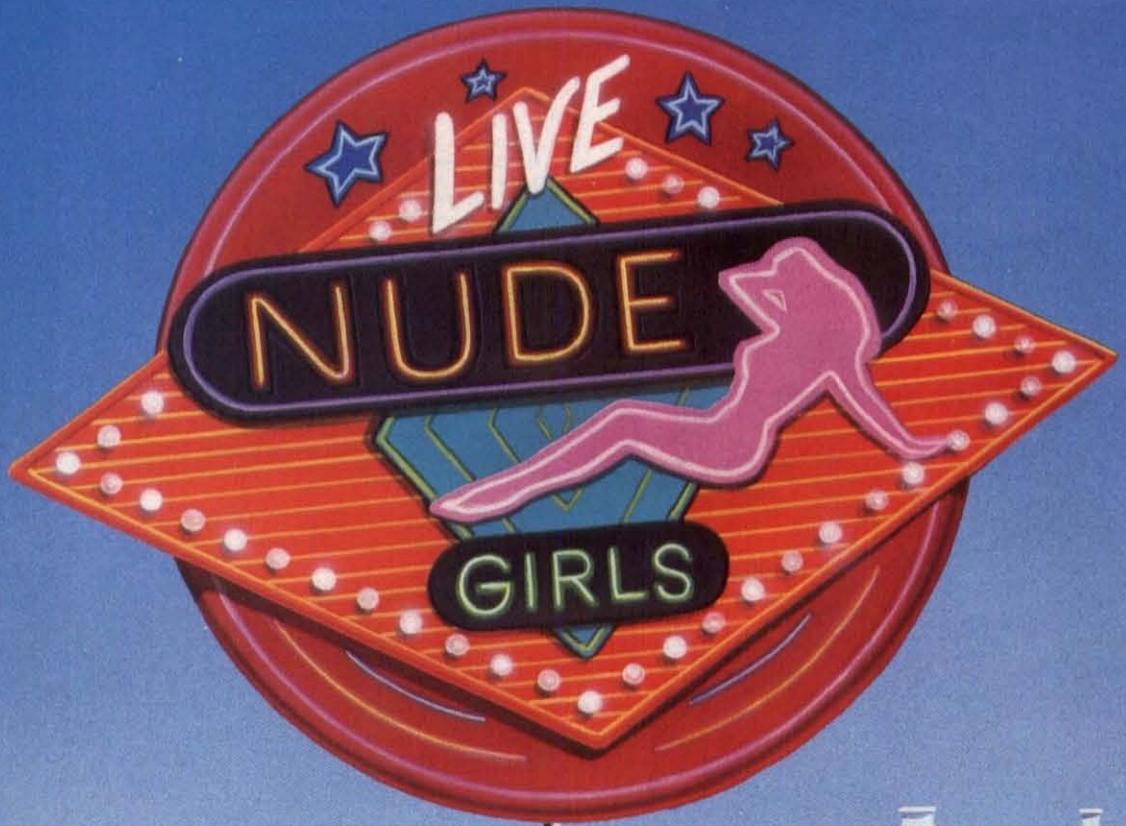
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- GOOD, THE BAD & THE HORNY
- INSIDE DESRIE COUSTEAU
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- LIKE A VIRGIN I
- LIKE A VIRGIN II
- REEL PEOPLE
- FOUR X FEELING
- HEAVENLY DESIRE
- JACK & JILL
- RX FOR SEX
- STAR VIRGIN
- NOSTALGIA BLUE
- LITTLE ORPHAN DUSTY
- TANGERINE
- CHINA DE SADE
- ODYSSEY
- MISS SEPTEMBER
- DEEP RUB
- TAKE OFF
- MIAMI VICE GIRLS

HIRE THE HANDICAPPED - IT'S JUST GOOD BUSINESS!



In a meeting 15 years ago with then-Attorney General John Mitchell, G. Gordon Liddy proposed secretly videotaping Democrats in bed with prostitutes aboard a luxurious houseboat moored near the site of the Democrats' upcoming convention in Miami.

"The matter was of such striking content and concept that it was just beyond the pale," Mitchell said in Senate testimony later. "As I recall, I told him to go burn the charts and that this was not what we were interested in."

Aw, John! For one brief, shining moment the taxpayers could have gotten their money's worth in entertainment. But no, the attorney general put the kibosh on Liddy's blackmail-love nest plan, and not even Liddy's ally, Jeb Stuart Magruder, could resurrect it. Magruder, Liddy later wrote, suggested "the prostitutes be used at the Democratic convention . . . be brought up to Washington and put to work immediately."

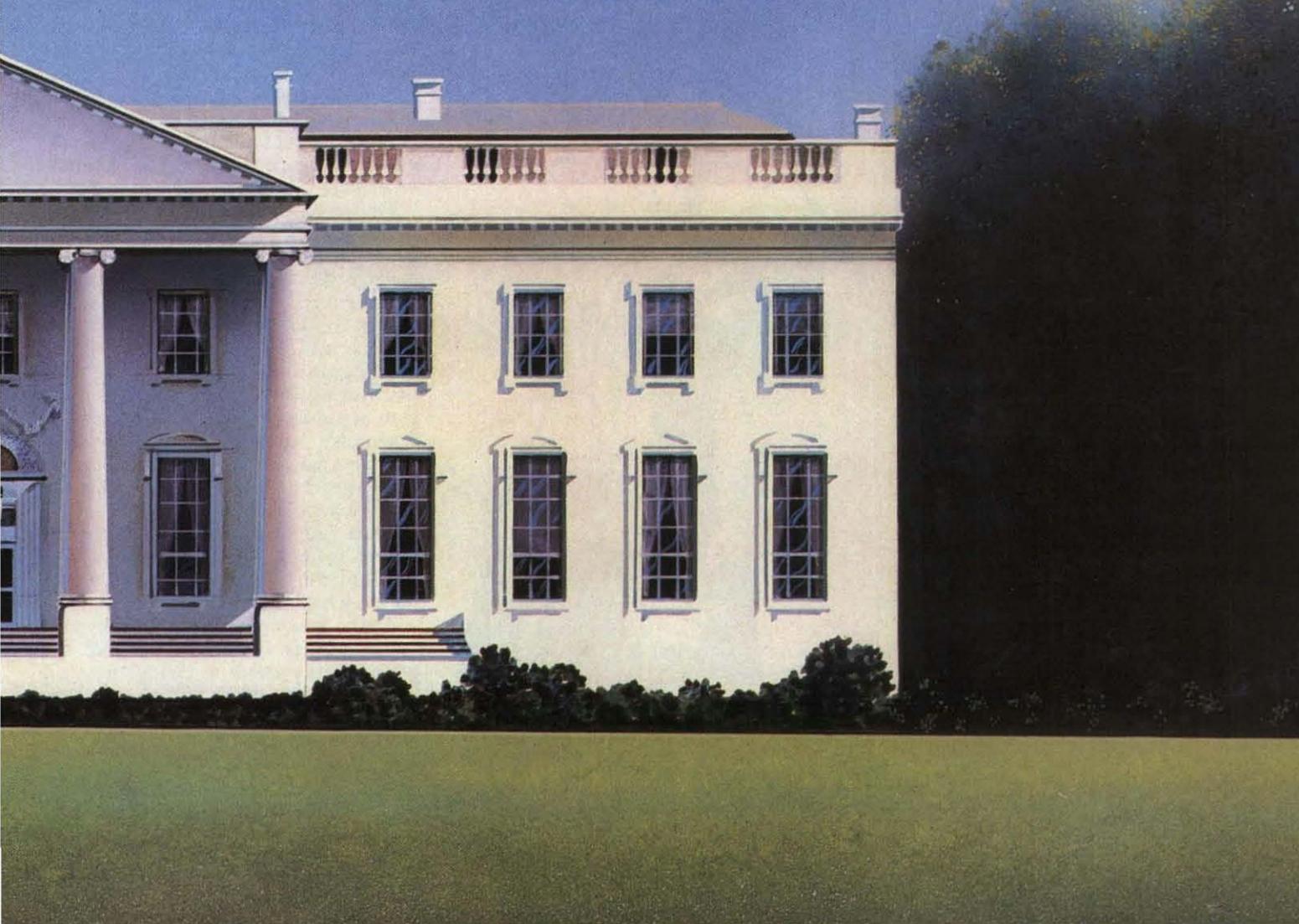
CAPITAL CRUISING

That idea was killed not because it was too smarmy, but because it was considered too expensive—which proves a sad fact of government: Budgetary considerations affect even the sex game in the nation's capital.

Not that Washington is squeaky clean. You can buy sex from a hooker on a street corner four blocks from Ronald Reagan's front door. If you're gay, you can find it in the bushes surrounding the Iwo Jima Memorial or in the shadows of the trees that decorate

D.C. SEX

Report by
Rudy Maxa



D.C. SEX

Parkinson's husband wanted her to seduce all 535 congressmen while he videotaped each coupling. . . .

Lyndon Johnson Park along the Potomac River. You can order up women to your hotel room from the yellow pages or join a swingers club and screw your neighbor's wife. If you're a politician, you can pick your bedmate from a bevy of dewy-eyed young women who arrive in Washington eager to sleep with someone semifamous.

In fact, there's so much fucking going on in Washington that there was no need for Margurder to suggest bringing Miami prostitutes north to Washington; they would have just clogged the streets.

It's fashionable in Washington to say that work and power are more important than scoring. Barbara Howar once described sex in Washington as "Henry Kissinger slowing down to 20 miles an hour to let you off from a date."

It is partly true that politicians sometimes care more about making the evening news than their secretaries. Indicative of conversation between a married congressman and his girlfriend is this snippet between then-Republican Don Riegle (D-Michigan) and a young woman, Bette Jane Ackerman, who worked in his

office. "I—I—God, I feel such super love for you," said Riegle, not knowing his girlfriend was taping their phone conversation. "By the way, the newsletter should start arriving."

By Washington standards, that's talking dirty. But as Gary Hart proved, even when you're going for the Big One, there's time to relax. His date, Donna Rice, joined a long line of women whose bedroom romps brought down politicians. Stripper Fanne Foxe's affair with Republican Wilbur Mills (D-Arkansas) was revealed in 1974. Two years later Elizabeth Ray blew the whistle instead of her boss, Republican Wayne Hays (D-Ohio). In 1978 Washington callgirl Judy Chavez told the world she had received \$40,000 in cash and gifts to provide sex for Arkady Shevchenko, the Soviet defector who was being debriefed by the CIA. Lonely, Shevchenko let his fingers do the walking, called an escort service, and wound up falling in love with Chavez, a dark beauty whose specialty was bondage and domination.

In 1980, a sometime lobbyist and curvy model, Paula Parkinson, was linked ro-

mantically with several Republican senators, most of whom were defeated for re-election as a result. The Parkinson saga could have been better: Her husband—perhaps taking a page from Liddy's game plans—had wanted her to seduce all 535 congressmen while he videotaped each coupling from behind a one-way mirror in their bedroom. He thought he could retire on the money he made from selling the film.

As if Washington doesn't have enough homegrown talent to satisfy the demand, our enemies send us personnel to keep things interesting.

One almost-unnoticed spy case involved a Czech agent and his sexy blond wife, who came to the United States in 1965 as "sleeper agents." For several years they lived innocently enough in New York until the husband, Karl Koecher, got a sensitive job in 1973 with the CIA in Washington. Along with his wife, Hana, he infiltrated not only the CIA, but also several swingers clubs that were frequented by high-ranking government officials, politicians and journalists.

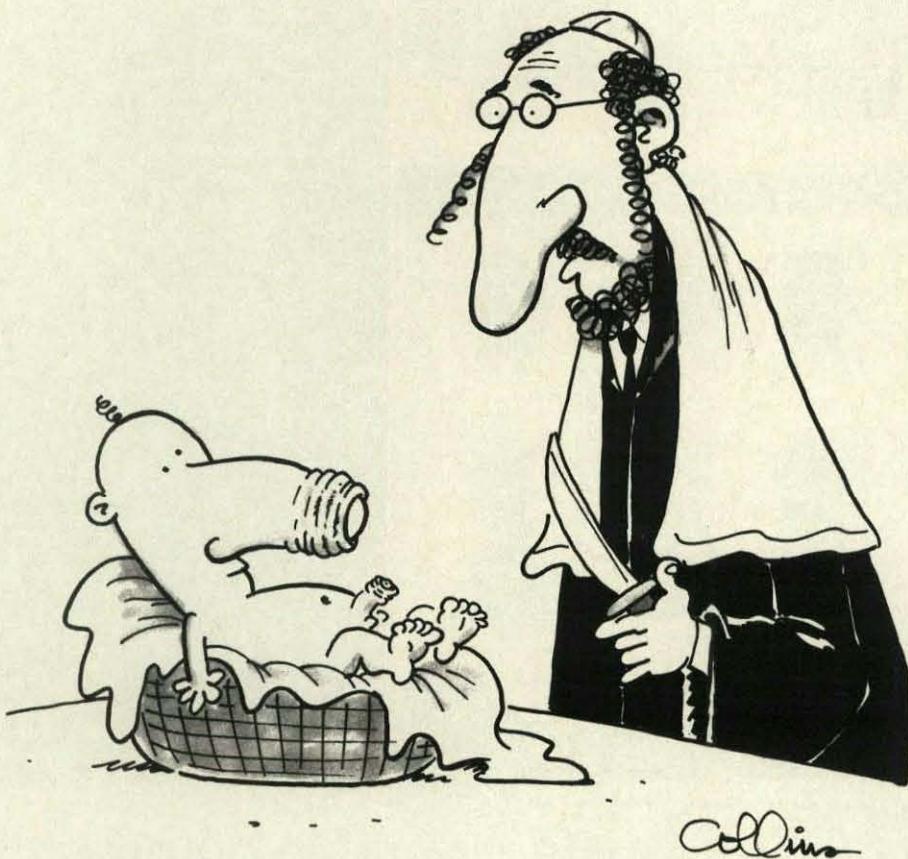
FBI counterintelligence agents interviewed couples who'd had sex with the Koechers, and they were finally arrested in 1984. Before they could be put on trial, however, the fun couple was made part of the swap for Soviet dissident Anatoly Shcharansky in 1986, and today the swinging spies live comfortably as minor heroes in Czechoslovakia.

But what about the average guy? What if you're not Ted Kennedy or Gary Hart? What if the hot blondes working for foreign intelligence agencies aren't interested in you?

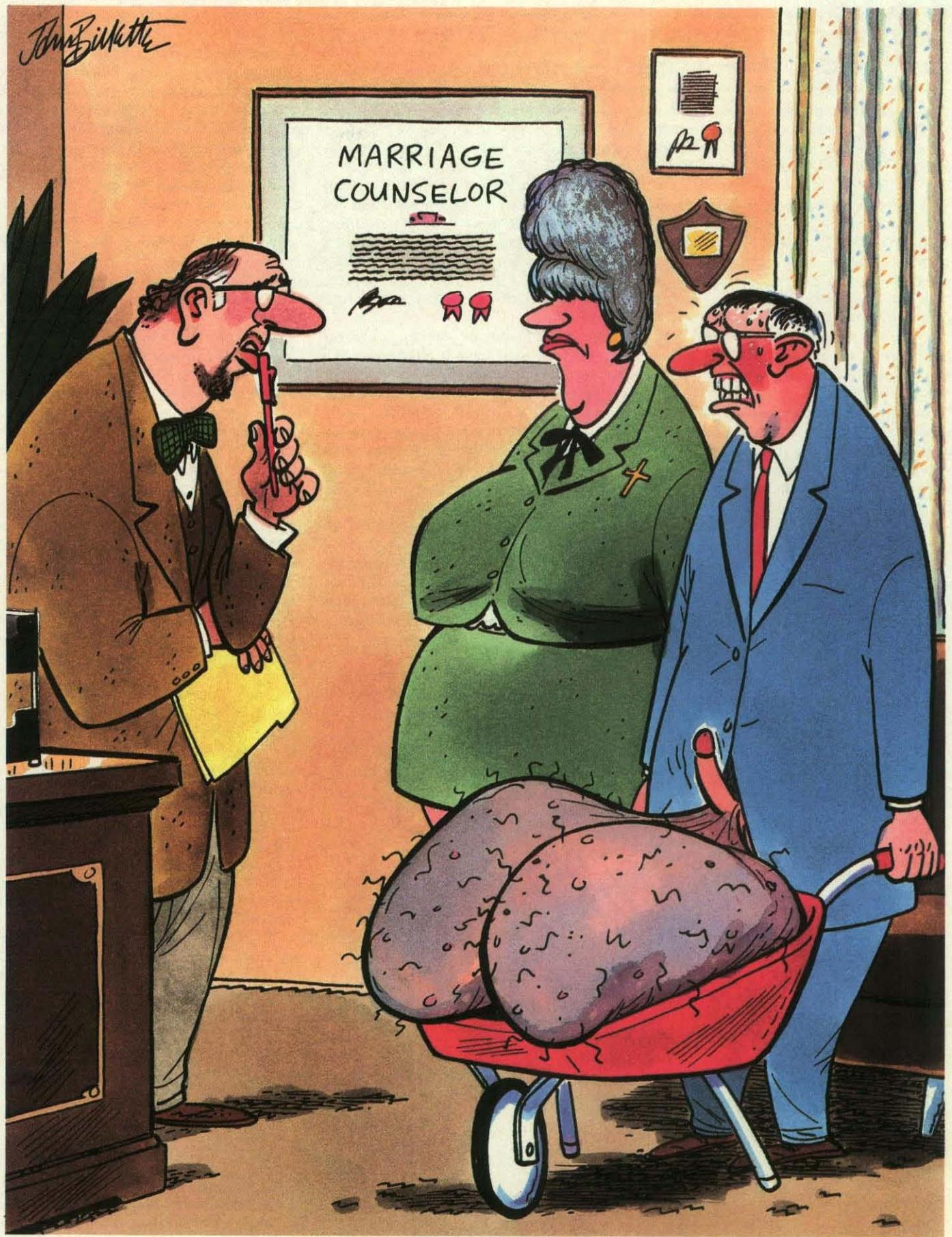
First of all, Washington swings. For voyeurs, there are plenty of bars with naked women frolicking on small stages. Tip the manager \$50, find the right dancer, and you might get lucky if you have a \$100 bill pinned to your lapel.

For nearly 15 years, a bar owner in the Washington area has been the godfather of swinging clubs. His Capitol Couples club began meeting in the early '70s at a downtown bar, the Exchange, where members paired off. Then they would retire to nearby hotel rooms or homes for sex. When the club's organizer moved to the Class Reunion and then Marigolds, the off-premises club moved with him. Today he runs his parties out of a suburban Virginia bar.

The commercial-sex business in Washington is wide open. You can visit the King's Kastle above a Laundromat on Capitol Hill and get the works ("all-inclusive" is the way the staff puts it) for \$60 on a massage table. Add another \$10 if you desire a bed. That's for a half-hour session. If you want home delivery, Students Out-Call will send someone who



John Billatté



"The first question that comes to mind is, When's the last time you've had sex?"

D.C. SEX

It's easy because the law in Washington is written in such a way that only the very stupid get arrested.

once might have thought about being a coed to your hotel room or downtown home for a \$150-an-hour fee. "No extra charges" indicates that the fee includes sex.

The heart of street prostitution is near 15th and L streets, in the shadow of the Washington Post building. There you can cruise the talent wearing tight leather skirts or transparent silk jumpsuits. A front-seat blowjob costs \$40. Or the woman of your dreams will accompany you in your car to one of several hot-sheet motels, where \$75 buys you a fuck-and-suck on bed linen that was probably cleaned that week.

You might think that halting prostitution—or at least keeping it out of sight—would be a priority in a city where image is everything. But police attention to streetwalkers is only haphazard. When the vice squad does crack down, not everyone arrested is a hooker. Last April, for example, the police arrested 183 people on prostitution-related charges in two weeks. Charged with various crimes were 99 women, 74 alleged customers and 10 female impersonators.

"A lot of guys spent Easter in jail and didn't get home until Monday," said a morals division officer. "Now, how do you explain that to your wife?" Police charged 129 people with soliciting prostitution, 49 with soliciting for lewd and immoral purposes, four with oral sodomy and one with pandering or using women for purposes of prostitution. It didn't matter; within a month the streetwalkers were back strutting their stuff on the sidewalk.

The massage-parlor women and out-call massage pros have it easier because the law in Washington is written in such a way that only the very stupid get arrested. In the mid-'70s out-call sex-service operator Hal O'Brien figured out how to avoid having his women busted for prostitution. He read the law carefully and learned that it was illegal to "solicit" for prostitution. In other words, a woman could be arrested for agreeing to provide sex for money.

But what, O'Brien thought to himself, if the woman never actually agrees to provide sex for cash? O'Brien tried it. When men called for out-call dates, O'Brien ex-

plained at length that for a \$69 fee (he kept \$16 of that), a young woman would arrive in their hotel room, take off her clothes and lie on their bed.

What happened next Hal O'Brien did not want to know. However, if the man chose to "rape" the woman, well, he could rest assured the woman would not report the "rape." O'Brien explained that the naked lady on the bed would never solicit money for sex. She, technically, allowed herself to be raped, but didn't report the incident.

It worked. It drove the vice squad crazy. To this day, as long as a woman doesn't solicit sex for money, she will most likely avoid arrest in Washington, D.C.—which makes O'Brien an unsung hero to men who enjoy the fruits of the labors of thousands of Washington hookers.

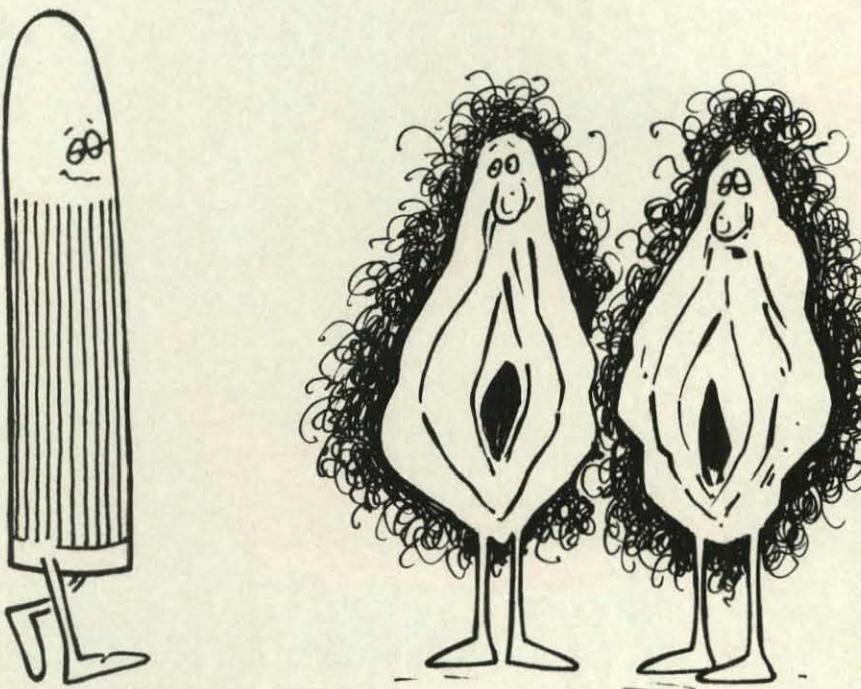
Washington has a large gay community whose members range from conservatively dressed Capitol Hill aides to leather-clad chickens who sell themselves on street corners. In 1980 a conservative Republican congressman from Maryland's Eastern Shore, Bob Bauman, made the nation's front pages. It turned out that the married, father-of-four Reaganite had for years frequented Washington's gay bars in search of young men as sexual partners. On October 3rd, he was charged with soliciting sex from a 16-year-old boy. While living his secret life, Bauman had been beaten up by strangers he'd picked up on the street. Another time he'd been robbed and almost killed.

The revelations of Bauman's compulsion cost him his reelection, though being gay isn't necessarily the kiss of death in politics. Republican Gerry Studds of Massachusetts was censured by the House for having an affair with a male teenage page in 1983; he was re-elected, though his opponent was named Peter Flynn, and bumper stickers appeared proclaiming, "This is one Peter Studds won't lick."

"The closets of Washington are full of gay Republicans and gay conservatives," Bauman wrote after his downfall. "Many of them serve in high Reagan Administration posts, some in the White House . . . their names appear on the White House guest list, and feature articles are written about them in the *Washington Post* 'Style' and 'Business' sections."

In one of the city's warehouse districts near the southwest waterfront, huge gay discos also cater to the hetero crowd. On weekends at Tracks, for example, straights dance alongside gays, though management discourages any straight couples from showing overt signs of affection. Gays are permitted to caress and

(continued on page 42)



"Watch it . . . I hear he's a good lover, but a real phoney!"

A photograph of a man and a woman in an intimate pose. The man is shirtless, leaning over the woman, who is wearing a purple lace lingerie. They are positioned on a bed with gold-colored headboard elements visible on the right. The lighting is warm and dramatic.

BRASSY
Lovers-

Photography by Clive McLean

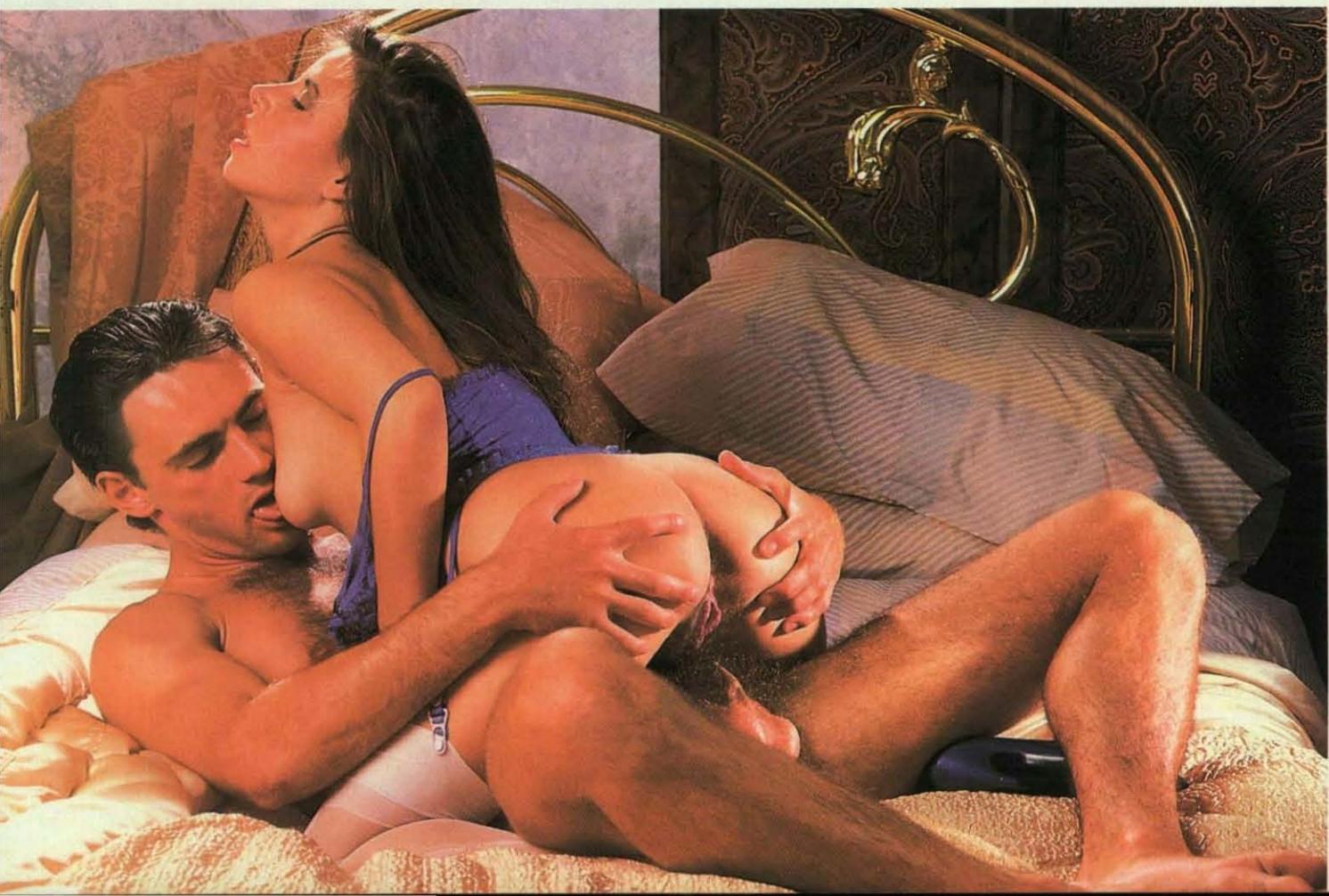






Their time together is brief; so they make the most of every second. The illicit nature of their affair is as much of a turn-on as the feel of flesh and the taste of salty libido. These secret afternoon meetings can't go on forever: He's getting docked for time away from the job, and sooner or later her husband will get suspicious of the semen on her breath. But until they're found out, these two secret lovers will continue to indulge in their tantalizing trysts. Life is too short to do otherwise.







Within the Capitol are dozens of hideaways where booze and broads can be enjoyed in relative privacy.

kiss in the corners.

The specter of AIDS haunts the gay community in Washington as it does elsewhere. One congressman has died of AIDS, as has a prominent conservative fund-raiser. Both had had gay lovers, though the congressman was a husband and father. Still, anonymous sex is easily available, especially along the paved pathways that wind through the trees that surround Lyndon Johnson Park between the Potomac River and the Pentagon.

Straights who don't want to pay for sex can find it in dozens of area bars—Washington is filled with single women looking for men. In Georgetown, J. Paul's, Nathans, Clydes, Club Med, Champions and Pall Mall are prime hunting grounds. Along the downtown M Street corridor there are Rumors, Mr. Day's, Flaps, and Sign of the Whale.

Politics is the engine that drives Washington, and women flock there just as some make the pilgrimage to Hollywood—prepared to do anything to get involved in the only game in town.

If you think stunning young women find politics boring, take a stroll through

the halls of the several congressional office buildings. You might think you stumbled backstage at a beauty pageant. Power, as Henry Kissinger observed, is an aphrodisiac, and women who would never consider unbuttoning their blouses for a rock star can't wait to unbuckle the belt of a politician who might be only vaguely known to his constituents back home.

Washington has its casting couches where sweet young things from Smalltown, USA, satisfy the passions of politicians, their staffers, campaign consultants and lesser bureaucrats. Married politicians often ask a staffer to accompany them to dinner when they want to have an illicit date. The "beard" offers deniability in case the politician is recognized. That's what Representative Tom Evans, the Delaware Republican, did when he dated Paula Parkinson. His wife was back in Delaware in the early '80s, but as an ally of the newly-elected Reagan, Evans didn't want to risk being seen around town with a blond bombshell. Of course, the voters didn't think much of his renting a townhouse next to Parkin-

son, and he was defeated for reelection after his liaison became known.

The beard ploy didn't work for Gary Hart either. His buddy, lawyer William Broadhurst, couldn't take the rap for Hart after *Miami Herald* reporters witnessed Hart and Donna Rice spending all night in the candidate's home.

The Quality Inn at the base of Capitol Hill is a favorite for Congressional noonters because there is direct access to rooms from an underground garage. A staffer can reserve a room, fetch the key in the morning, and his boss can arrive unnoticed by driving directly under the building for some afternoon delight.

Within the Capitol are dozens of secret hideaways, generally assigned to senior members, where booze and broads can be enjoyed in relative privacy. For the solon in a hurry, there's always the plush leather couches in his office that are standard government issue. For the man really in a hurry—as Republican John Jenrette was one night when Congress was working overtime—there are the Capitol steps. That's where his wife, Rita, once went down on him in the dark.

Not everyone, of course, is a Romeo. A congressman from the Southwest once took his mistress to the Caribbean, where the duo signed up for diving lessons. The legislator was having performance problems in bed; so to satisfy herself, his girlfriend decided on the handsome diving instructor. After one afternoon's lesson, all the class came ashore except the congressman's girlfriend and instructor—their oxygen had lasted longer because the instructor had steered the young woman to an underwater cave with an air pocket, where they screwed for 15 minutes. When the couple finally surfaced, the cuckolded lawmaker congratulated them on their excellent lung capacity.

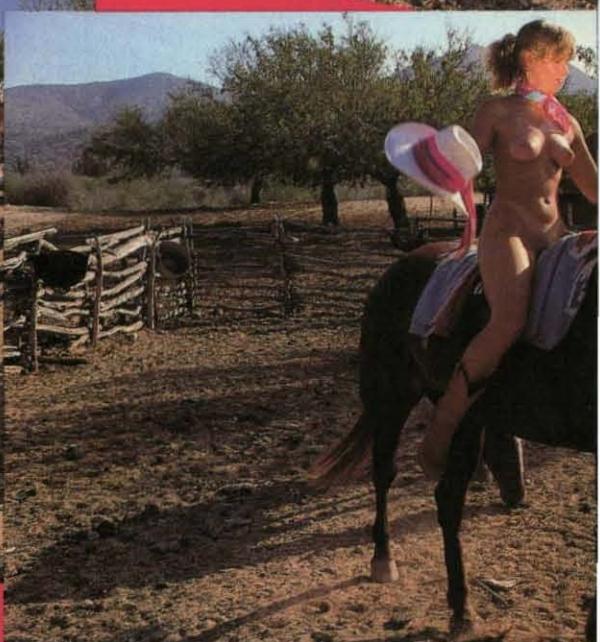
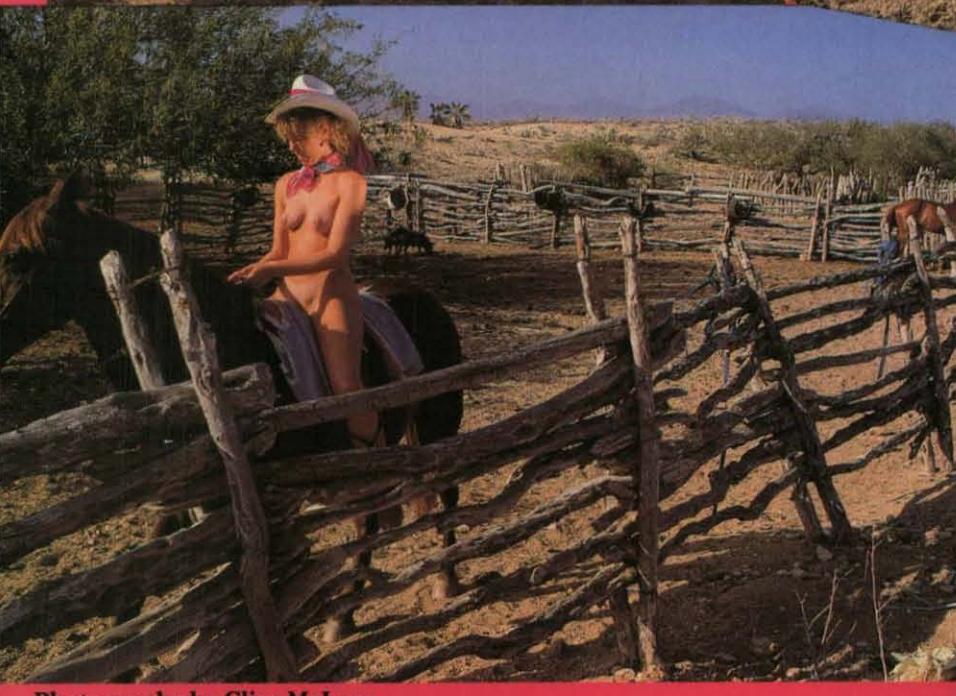
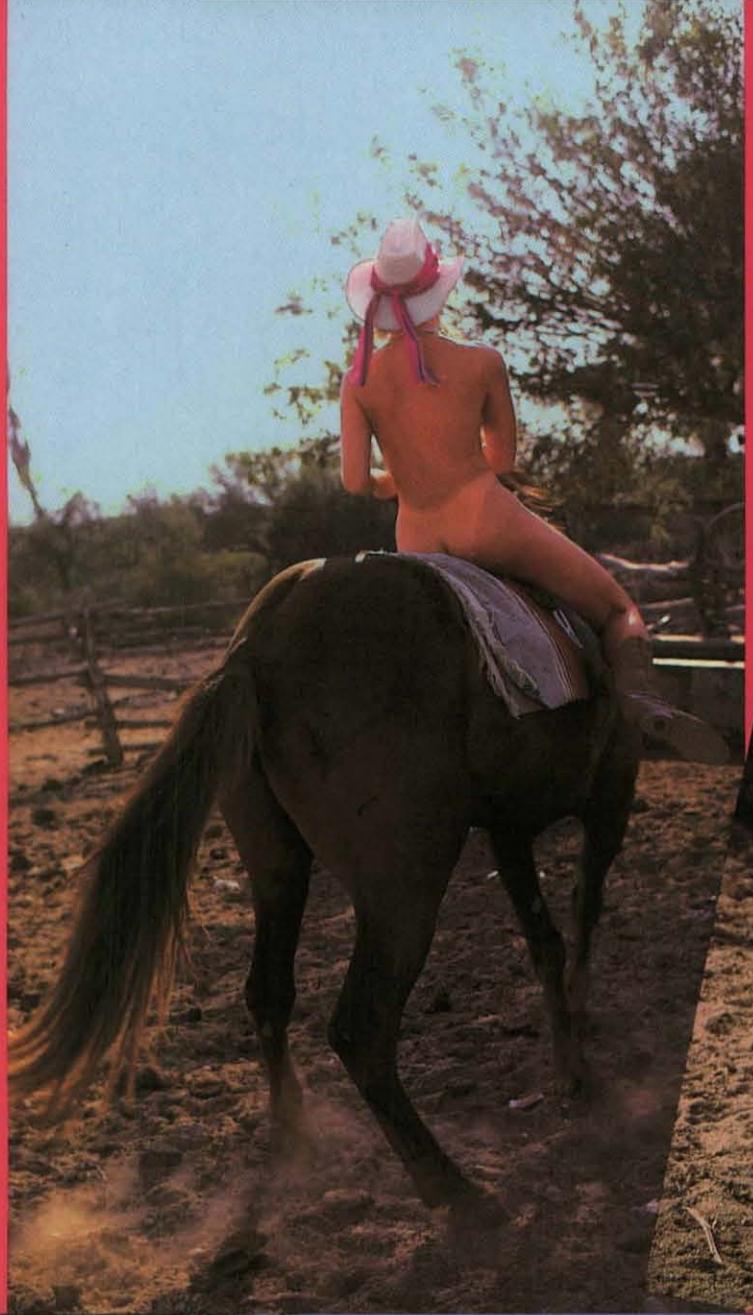
Somehow all this sex doesn't translate into a more lenient legislative atmosphere; official Washington still insists on preaching morality to the rest of the nation. There is great satisfaction, then, when some of its more pious members are caught literally with their pants down. Psychologists have suggested that no one needs to misbehave more than those who spend their time moralizing and telling others how to live their lives. Washington scandals sometimes prove that.

From John F. Kennedy's nude frolics with starlets in the White House pool to Gary Hart's cruise to Bimini with Donna Rice, the political libido works overtime. It's no wonder, then, that sex in Washington is a growth industry. But it's not a new one. Even Thomas Jefferson was so loved by his slaves, notes Washington comedian Mark Russell, that they had a special name for him: Dad.



"Hello, police? I just sent my husband to that big locker room in the sky."



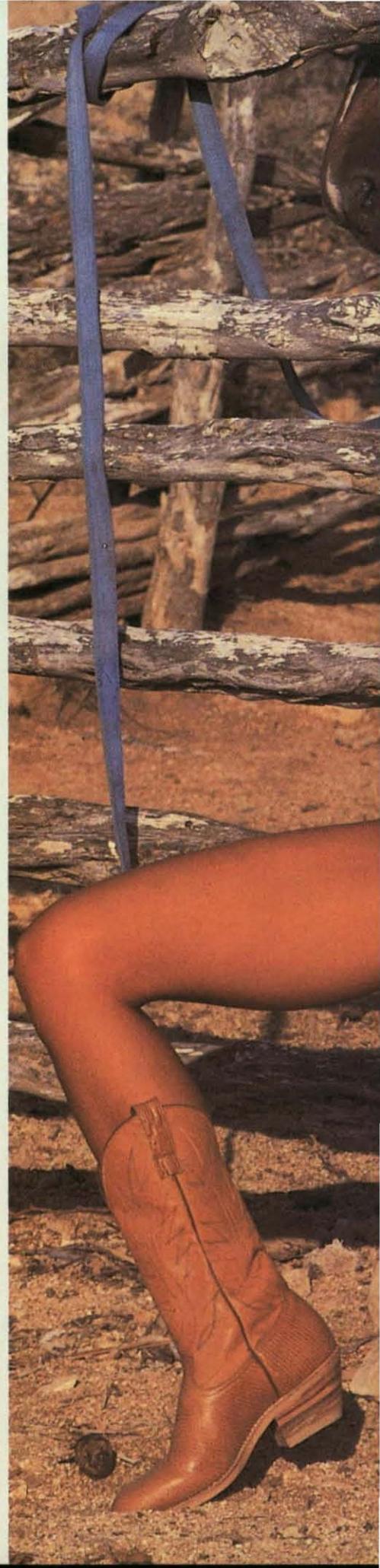
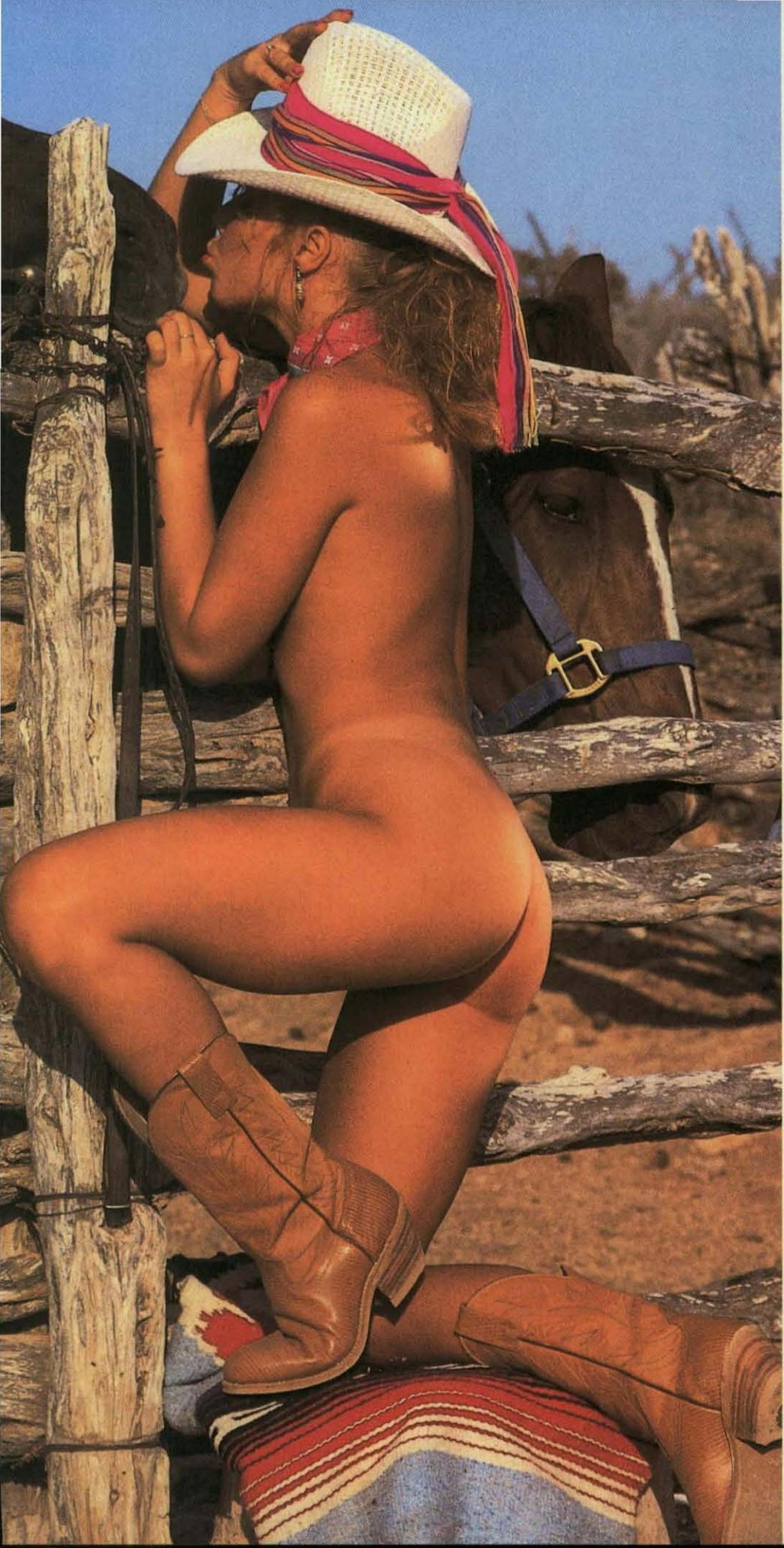


Photography by Clive McLean

LEXIE

*Causing
Stampedes*







You won't see a better bare back on bareback than this Windsor, Ontario, wrangler, but you don't have to ride the range to see it. Despite her John Wayne-style pastimes, she isn't known as the "Duke" of Windsor, but rather as one of the best exotic dancers in Detroit's sister city. This gorgeous gaucho-gal has had many cowboys reaching into their holsters, and everyone stands tall in the saddle when Lexie canters across the stage. Whether she gets more turned on by dancing or the rhythm of the horse's back she won't confess, but it's clear to see she has a firm rein on the concept of wide-open spaces.









HOT LETTERS (continued from page 13)

After every few smacks my gay lover would slide one, then two fingers into my cunt.

couch and motioned for me to stand close, facing her. "First, I want you naked, sitting on my lap," the tall, slender biker bitch commanded as she pulled off my shirt and reached around my waist to unzip my skirt, peeling it off very slowly. I lifted a leg to slip off my high heels, but Terry said, "No. Leave them on." She pulled me down onto her lap and began yanking on my nipples. They started to burn until I cried out, almost wanting her to stop but unable to talk.

Her jeans felt rough against my ass as I squirmed around on her lap. My cunt was swollen, and I was moaning like an animal as she moved my ass back and forth on her leg. Terry kissed me hard on the mouth, prompting my hands to reach for her shirt buttons. She gasped a little, then pushed my hands behind my back and held them there, almost angry that I was arousing her.

"I'm gonna have to break your spirit, toots," she laughed.

I replied, "That'll be the day," egging her on, desperate for her next move.

"Oh, yeah," Terry shot back, "we'll see about that," and with one fluid motion

she pushed me off her knee and facedown over her lap. She laughed as a slap came down across my ass. It stung, and I squirmed as another came, and another. Terry's hand lingered, one finger tracing the inside of each thigh. She then resumed the discipline, but after every few smacks my gay lover would slide one, then two fingers into my cunt. My snatch was dripping wet, and my ass burned, but I loved every second of it.

After what seemed like forever, Terry ordered, "You little slut, I'm the one who can't take any more. Get on the bed—on your knees." I felt like I was in a trance as I got up and walked over to the bed. Terry left the room and returned, sporting a large strap-on dildo. *Please make me come, please,* I thought to myself. My lesbian lover knelt on the bed in front of me, the dildo staring me right in the face. "I want to see you suck cock like the greedy little whore you are." Since I love to suck cock, I couldn't help but lick it, taking it into my mouth, all the way to my throat. "Well, you're a good little mouth-cunt, but I'm gonna have to fuck you" the redhead cooed, pushing me forward onto

my hands and moving behind me. She plunged the dildo roughly into my desperate cunt, fucking me as hard as any man ever had.

"Don't come," she warned in a low, stern voice as I bucked my ass against the dildo. She brought her hand over my mouth and stuck in a finger, which I sucked obediently. Sticking two more digits in, Terry fucked my mouth with her fingers while continuing to ram my cunt with the dildo. I raised my stinging ass up in the air, almost ready to faint. I let out a cry. "Don't come," she said again just as I felt my quim trembling. Terry slapped my ass as my pussy muscles were spasming. I contracted, holding myself very still, for it was all I could do. She leaned back, raising my hips toward the dildo, and said, "Now you rock your red ass up and down on this thing. And don't come." I began sliding up and down, Terry's hands pulling me deeper onto the dildo. She pumped me back and forth really fast, and reached in front to pinch my clit until I was shaking out of control. "Okay, come," she commanded, and my whole body writhed for what seemed like ten minutes. I screamed with relief.

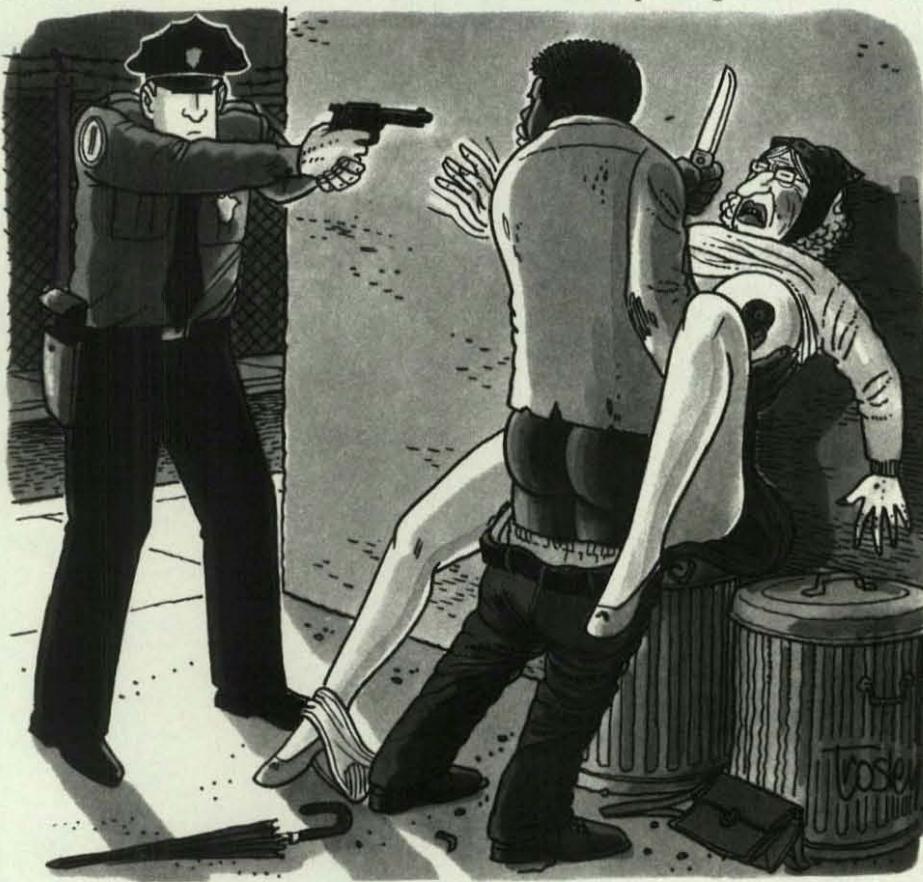
She pushed my face down onto the bed, unstrapped the dildo but left it in my soaking cunt, laughed and went over to the chair to smoke a cigarette. I guess I fell asleep because the next thing I knew I was lying on my back, and the dildo was removed from my pussy.

Terry was leaning over me, lightly slapping my big tits. She slapped one real hard, then slapped me across the face. Then she straddled my face so her hairy muff was on my mouth. "Lick, bitch," she said with another haughty laugh. Terry continued bouncing up and down on my face as I licked her delicious cunt, burying my face way up inside her hairpie. Terry held my head so that she could rock back and forth, using my tongue like an anchor until she moaned deep and low, spurting her juice all over my eyes, nose and mouth. Terry let out one more laugh and then fell asleep.

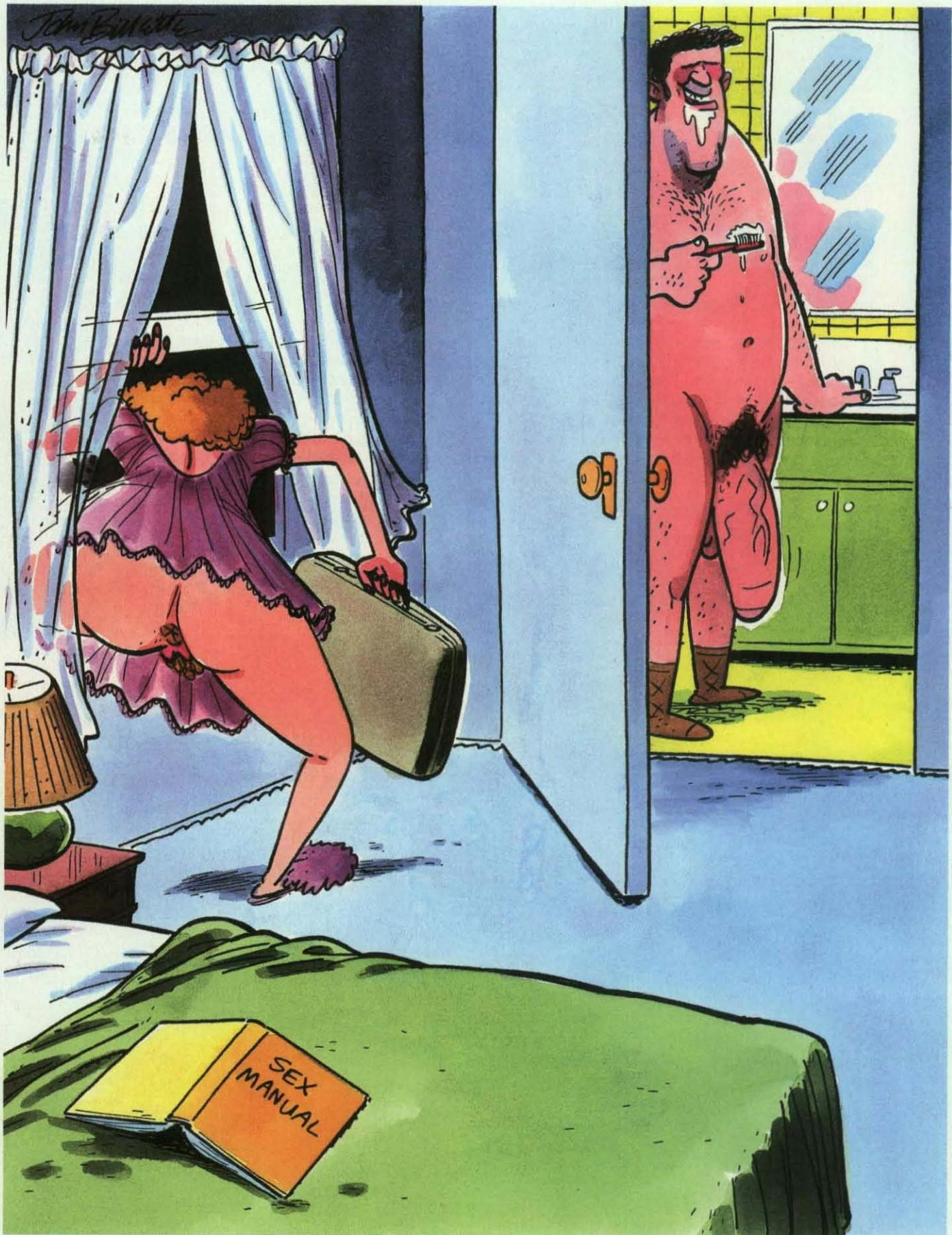
I decided to get dressed and leave. My clothes felt uncomfortable against my burning skin. As soon as I got home, I tore them off and called my boyfriend in Chicago. It was the middle of the night, but I knew if I told him what had happened, he'd get turned on and jerk off. He came when I told him how red my ass was and that I couldn't wait for him to come home so I could get fucked again with a real cock.

-H. S.

San Carlos, California



"For God's sake, put the gun down! He'll lose his erection!"

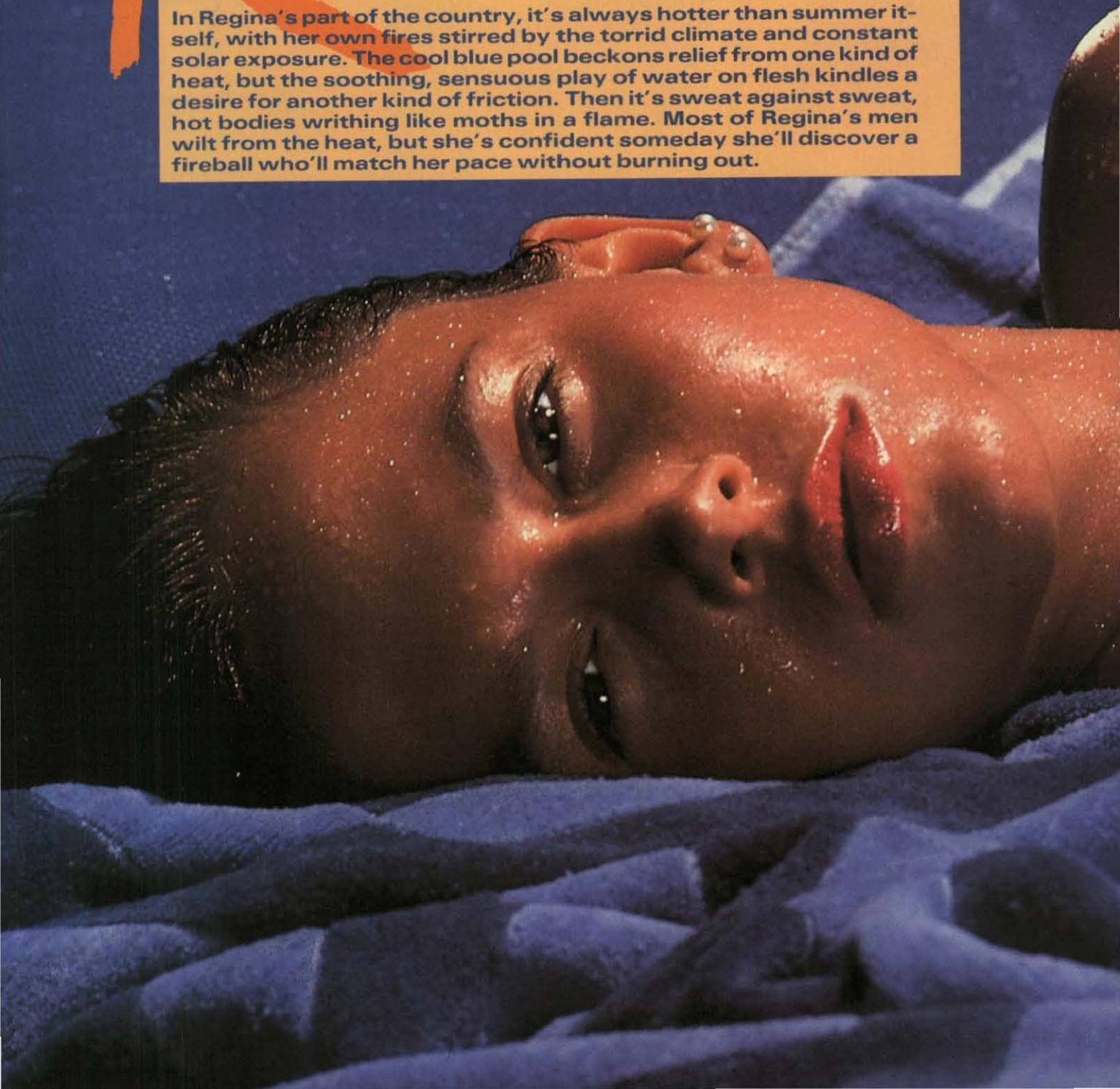


"Honey, have you come to the chapter on anal sex yet?"

Regina

TAKING THE HEAT

In Regina's part of the country, it's always hotter than summer itself, with her own fires stirred by the torrid climate and constant solar exposure. The cool blue pool beckons relief from one kind of heat, but the soothing, sensuous play of water on flesh kindles a desire for another kind of friction. Then it's sweat against sweat, hot bodies writhing like moths in a flame. Most of Regina's men wilt from the heat, but she's confident someday she'll discover a fireball who'll match her pace without burning out.





Photography by James Baes













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HUSTLER HUMOR

A young black man was walking down a desolate country road in Mississippi one hot night. Suddenly, startled by a rustling sound, he turned to see four Ku Klux Klansmen quickly approaching him, accompanied by four vicious Dobermanns. Fearing for his life, the youth ran quickly. But after a long chase he was finally brought down by the men in white, who quickly used shovels to bury the young man underground, with only his head showing.

"We'll teach you a lesson, boy," one of them growled. At that instant the dogs were unleashed, trying viciously to tear the youth's head apart. But the harder they tried, the quicker the young man dodged with his lightning-quick head movements. After ten minutes the dogs collapsed, exhausted. At that instant one of the Klansmen lunged at the youth and shouted, "Damn it, nigger, stop all that duckin' and dodgin', and fight my dogs fair!"

A Polish man was greeted by his wife at the front door of their home. The Polack extended his hand, showing his wife a pile of dog shit. "Look, honey, I almost stepped in this."

A small boy was standing at a bus stop with a large basket. A few minutes passed, and a bus pulled up and stopped, letting the boy on. When the kid found an empty seat, he placed the large basket above, in the overhead luggage rack, and sat down next to an older man reading a newspaper. About a mile down the road, the older man felt a drop of something hit his forehead. It ran down the side of his nose and into his mouth. The man stuck out his tongue to get a better taste as another drop splashed on his head. He licked at it, trying to figure out what it tasted like. Undecided, he turned to the little boy and asked, "Pickles?"

"No," the boy replied. "Puppies."

As President and Mrs. Reagan walked by a crowd of photographers on the way to a helicopter waiting on the White House grounds, a gust of wind blew Nancy's skirt above her waist. The President reached over to try to bring the billowing skirt under control.

"Don't bother, honey," Nancy said. "It's your ass they want, not mine."

A farmer sat in the kitchen while the midwife attended his wife upstairs. Suddenly the midwife shouted, "Bring the lamp. The baby's comin'!" He ran upstairs and held the lamp while his wife gave birth to a girl. Then he headed back to the kitchen.

As he was halfway back down the stairs, the midwife shouted, "Bring the lamp back. It's gonna be twins!" The farmer rushed back in time to hold the lamp while another baby girl was born. Then he headed downstairs again.

He was pouring coffee when he heard the midwife shout, "Bring the lamp back. Here comes another!"

"I'm stayin' put!" the farmer yelled back. "I think they're attracted to the light."

Question: What do they call hemorrhoids in San Francisco?

Answer: Speed bumps.

A guy's wife had died, and the man put on quite a show of grief at the grave site. He kept yelling, pulling at his hair and wailing, "What am I gonna do? What am I gonna do?"

The minister finally came over to him and said, "Son, I know this is a time of sorrow for you, but you'll eventually meet some fine woman, get married again and forget all about this in the years to come."

"Yeah, Reverend, I know that," said the man. "But what am I gonna do tonight?"

A man bought a couple of drinks for a woman in a bar and, after some great conversation, asked her if she would like to go to his apartment to continue talking.

"Sure," she replied, "but it won't lead to anything." As they entered his apartment, she reminded him, "Don't waste your time with any fancy moves."

"Hey, what do you think I am? A one-night stand?" he protested. "I want you for my wife."

"Okay," she said, peeling off her jacket. "What time will she get home?"

A after his annual inspection of the local convent, a bishop approached the mother superior. "It's my sad duty to inform you," he said glumly, "that during our tour we found a case of gonorrhea."

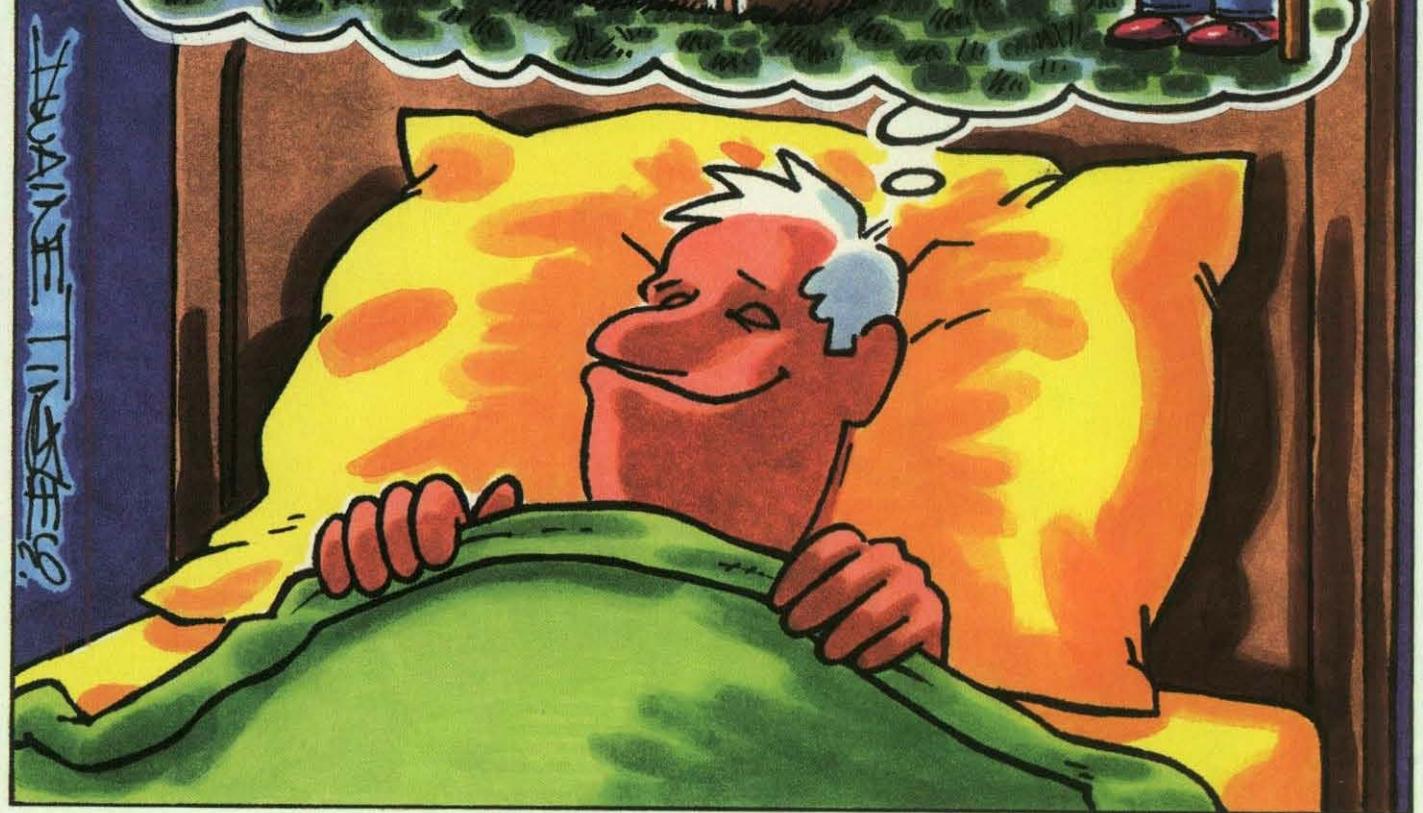
Her eyes wide, the mother superior exclaimed, "Praise the Lord! I was getting sick and tired of Chianti!"

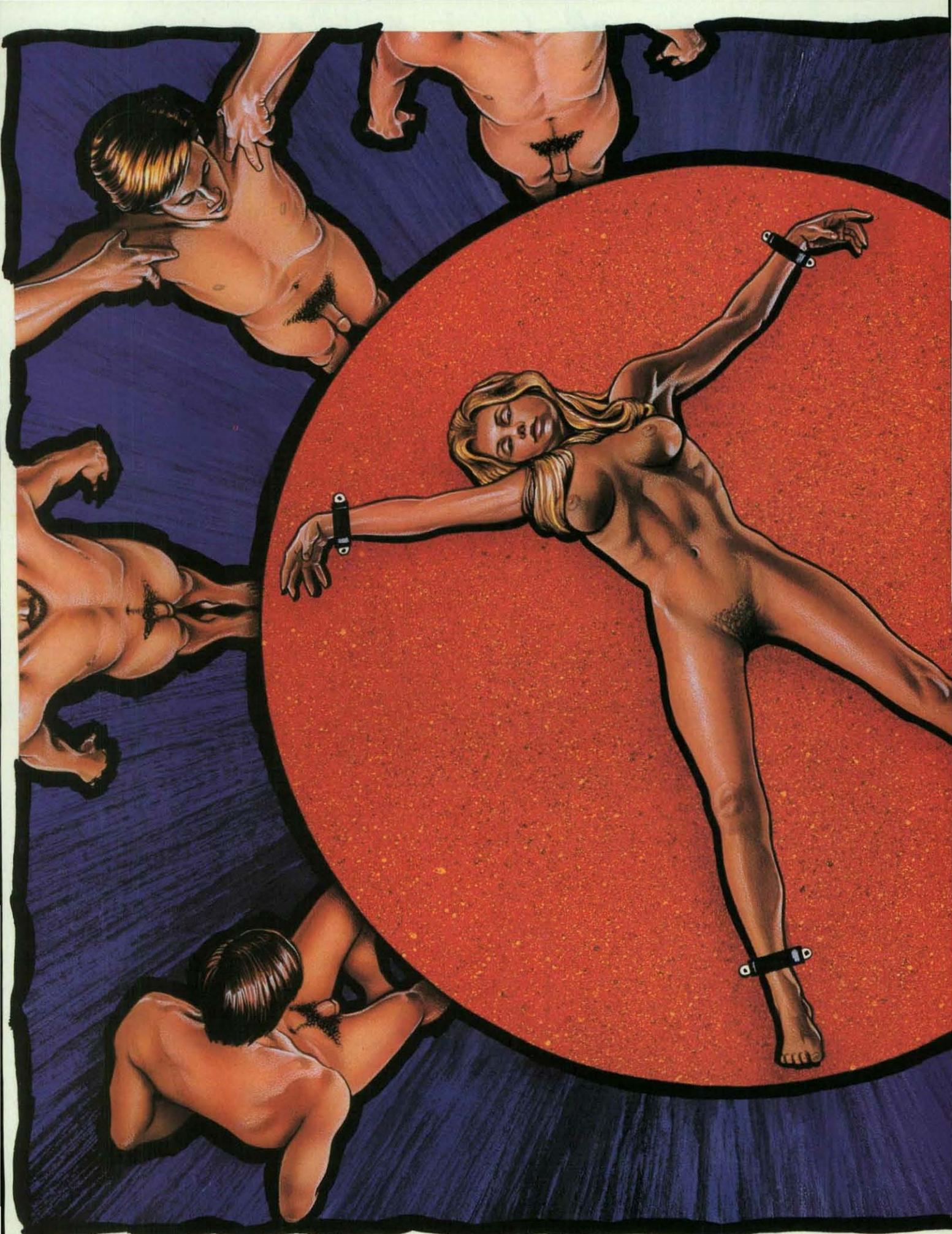
Question: What's black and brown and would look good around Ollie North's neck?

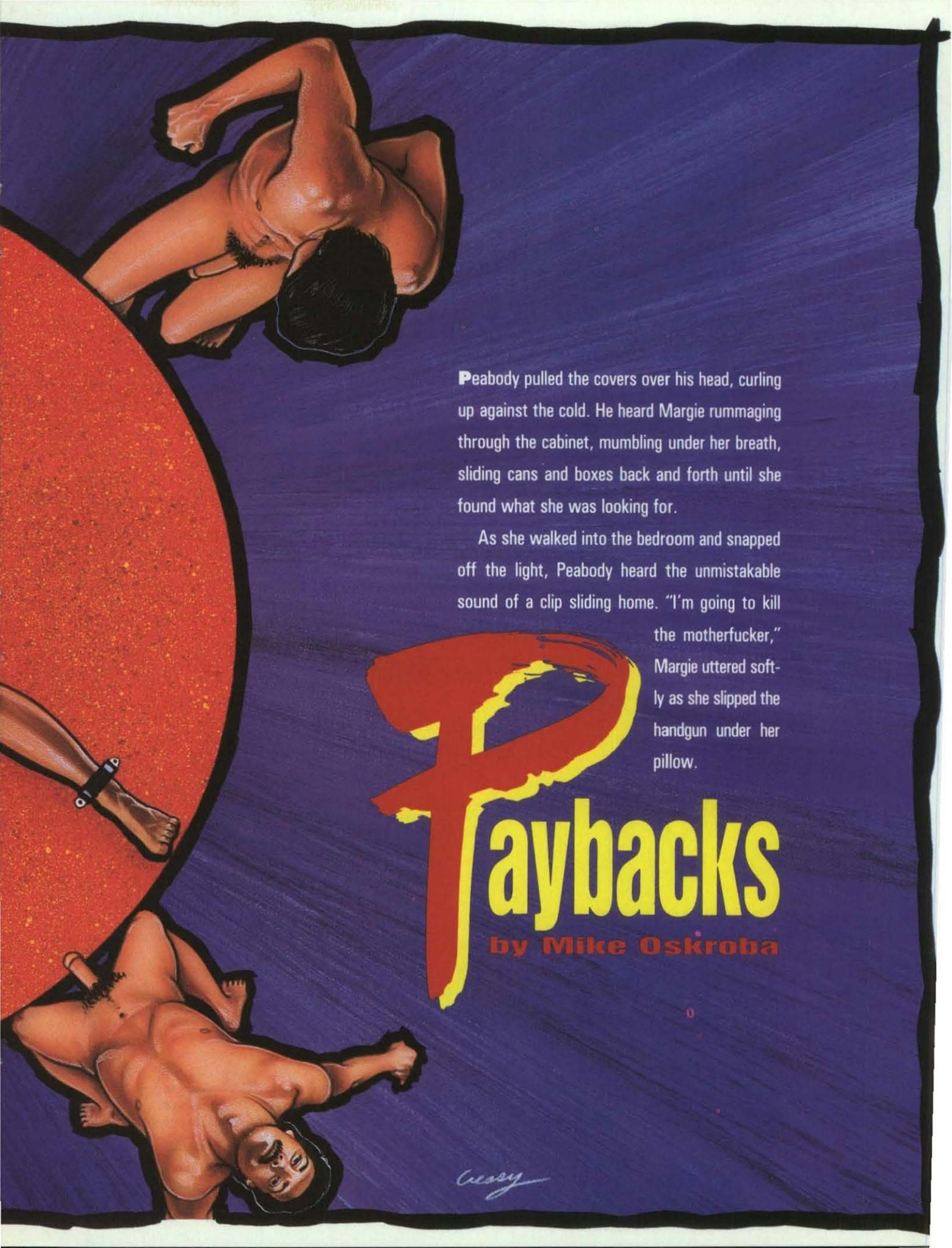
Answer: A pit bull.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

Chester the Molester







Peabody pulled the covers over his head, curling up against the cold. He heard Margie rummaging through the cabinet, mumbling under her breath, sliding cans and boxes back and forth until she found what she was looking for.

As she walked into the bedroom and snapped off the light, Peabody heard the unmistakable sound of a clip sliding home. "I'm going to kill

the motherfucker," Margie uttered softly as she slipped the handgun under her pillow.

Taybacks

by Mike Oskroba

Cassy

PAYBACKS

Peabody stiffened, eyes glued to the heavy weapon as she drew it to his face, pressing the barrel to his forehead.

Peabody sighed. "Yeah, you told me. Now go to sleep."

"I mean it," she persisted, reaching over his waist, gently wrapping her hand around his cock. "You don't understand how bad I want him."

Peabody understood. He had learned not to take it all so personally, but he understood.

"Look, Margie, we'll go to the funeral in the morning, then get to work. Just lighten up a little."

"Lighten up?" she said, rolling on top of him, straddling his chest, the .45 now clutched tightly in her hand. Peabody stiffened, eyes glued to the heavy weapon as she drew it to his face, pressing the barrel to his forehead. He felt the perfect circle pressing against his flesh.

"Sure, I'll lighten up, Peabody. I'll lighten up tomorrow, or the next day, or whenever I finish what I have to do. First, I'm going to blow his fucking brains out, and then, Peabody, I'm going to cut off his dick and shove it down his throat. Then you'll have your sweet little girlfriend back in your arms."

Peabody was trembling, picturing the

worst of scenarios as Margie, naked and shaking with pent-up anger, grabbed his cock, squeezing the limp flesh. She cocked the automatic while simultaneously pulling on his dork. "You heard me, didn't you, Peabody?"

He nodded his head. "Okay, Margie," he said soothingly. "Okay, I hear you. Let's get some rest now. Please."

Margie's body visibly relaxed as she uncocked the weapon, removing it from his forehead. Her grip loosened on his cock. "Sorry," she said simply. "I just want you to understand where I'm at with all of this shit."

Margie slept fitfully, her hand still holding the pistol. He knew a nightmare or a slip of her finger could cost him his head. Peabody slipped out from under the covers and went to the couch, dragging behind him a pillow and quilt. Scattered about the coffee table were the scribbled notes and photographs of the investigation. He flipped through the evidence one more time, trying to sort out the pieces of a senseless murder. Having few clues or leads wasn't a new challenge,

but for Margie's sake, he wanted to beat the odds on this one. It was Margie's sister who was found stuffed in a garbage can, gagged and bound, a thick lead pipe protruding from her ass.

* * *

Captain Spinelli approached Peabody's car as the procession began to break up. They both watched Margie stand silently over her sister's grave.

"She's off the case," Spinelli said tersely, knowing it would not be a surprise to anyone. "She's got three days' leave, plus I'm throwing in an extra week. Make sure she gets out of the city."

Peabody gave a grunt. "Sure, Captain. You want me to suggest a vacation to her? I'm sure that's exactly what she's thinking about right now—a fucking suntan."

Spinelli hitched up his gun belt. "Yeah, but what the fuck else am I supposed to do?"

"All right, Cap," Peabody shrugged. "I'll do the best I can, but don't expect a fucking miracle."

"Just keep her off the streets is all," Spinelli shot back as he walked back to his squad car.

Peabody watched Margie walk back to his car, sitting silently as they drove back out to the street from the cemetery. She touched his hand. "I think I'd like to be alone for a while," she said quietly.

"Your place or mine?" Peabody asked.
"Mine."

Dropping her off, he headed for Louie's, taking a seat down at the dark end of the bar. Four hours later, swizzle sticks stacked in front of him, Peabody scooped up the wet change from the bar and began a woozy search for his keys.

"Yo, Peabody," came a voice from a dark corner of the gin mill. "My man, Peabody! Over here, son."

Cool Breeze slouched in the corner of a booth, toasting Peabody as he approached the table. "Sit down here, boy. What it is?"

Peabody never cared for this asshole of a black pimp, but there were certain professional courtesies to remember. It was "The Breeze" who took the lid off the child murders last summer by feeding the tactical unit names of some real nasty dudes from the street. Bad asses.

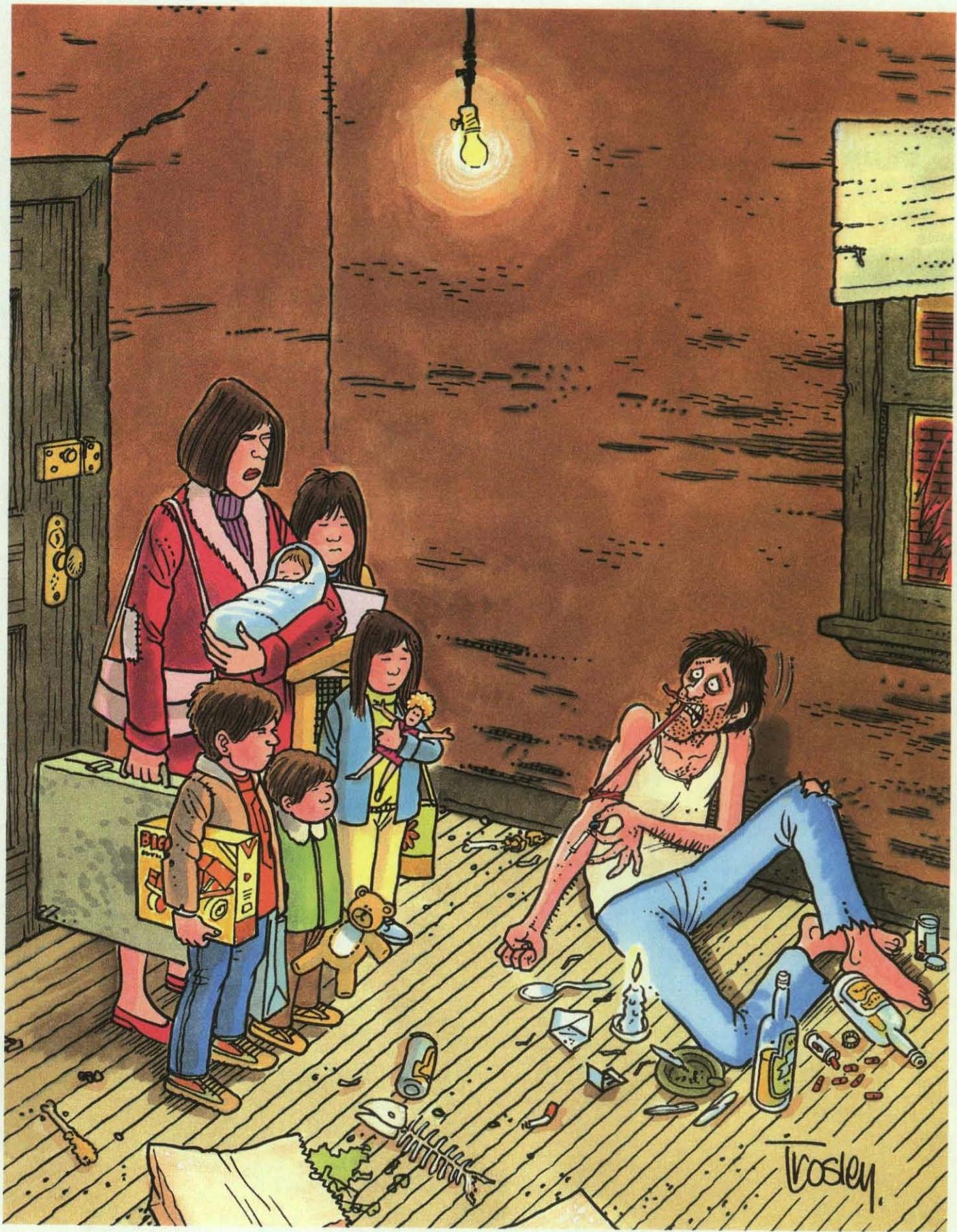
Looking across the table at the pimp's gleaming diamonds and gold-capped teeth, Peabody laughed. "Don't call me boy," the undercover cop said with a smile. "Your mama called me boy once, and I fucked her in the ass—twice."

Cool Breeze slammed down a shot, then touched Peabody's arm. "Ooo-wee, Officer," he squealed, "do that mean I be gettin' a token of your affection too, boy?"

(continued on page 78)

FEBRUARY HUSTLER

"There's no reason why you can't have a sex life. . . ."



"Divorce?! But, Helen, what about the children?!"

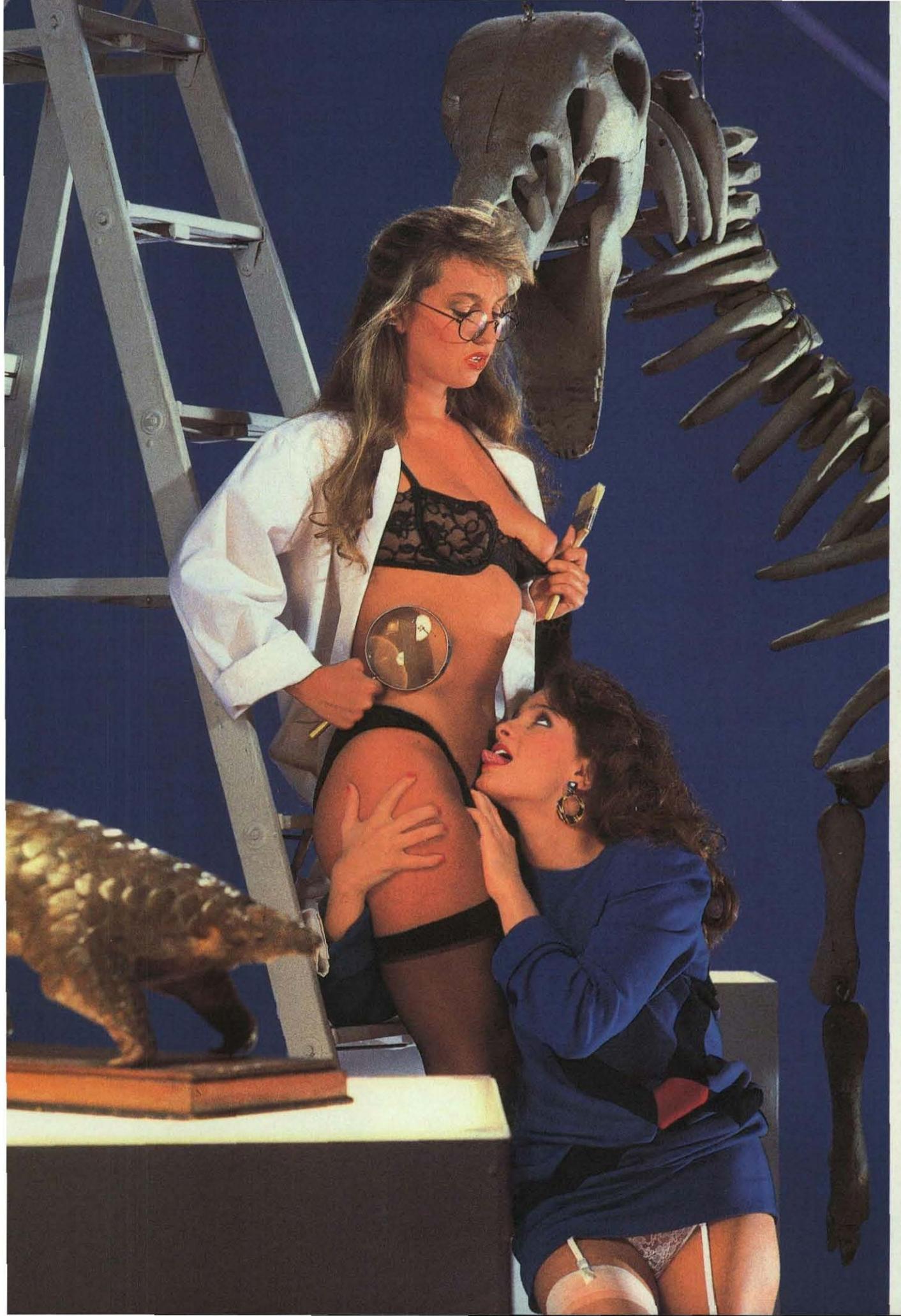


TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

It's hard to keep your mind on a bunch of old bones when there's tempting young flesh around. The two perky paleontologists are easily distracted from their scientific duties and decide to start probing the more contemporary mysteries that lie between their gleaming thighs.



Photography by Matti Klatt.

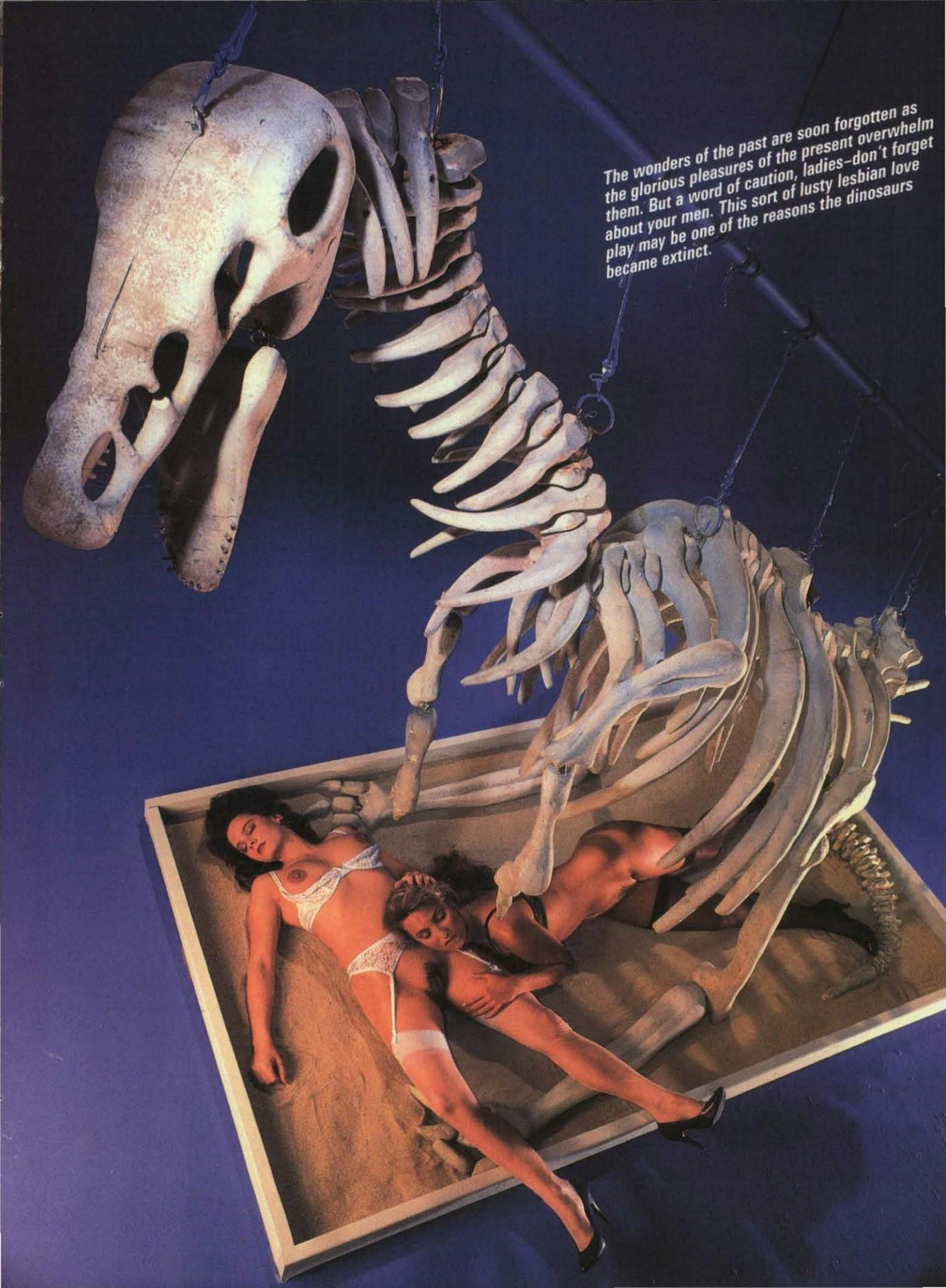












The wonders of the past are soon forgotten as the glorious pleasures of the present overwhelm them. But a word of caution, ladies—don't forget about your men. This sort of lusty lesbian love play may be one of the reasons the dinosaurs became extinct.



PAYBACKS (continued from page 68)

He rammed her hard, shoving his cock into her magic box, amazed at the contrast of ebony and ivory.

They went on with their game of the dozens: Peabody forgetting he was a cop, Cool Breeze relishing the respect being accorded him by a civil servant.

"Roxanne be looking for you," The Breeze quipped in a whisper. Peabody straightened up, realizing the pace had shifted. "Seems she want to communicate 'bout something—something you should be aware of. And I don't think she be talkin' 'bout no trim either."

"So I'm listening," Peabody muttered.

"So deal with the lady herself," Breeze replied haughtily, annoyed with Peabody's attitude. "You remember the place, man. Take care of your own shit."

Roxanne lived on Lake Shore Drive in a high-liner penthouse retained on a monthly basis by The Breeze and his grade A, triple-inspected for purity, fine, fine "ladies." Roxanne ran the joint, trusted and incredibly wise in the ways and means of managing sexual adventures for the rich and famous.

Weaving through maddening traffic, Peabody remembered the first night he had met her. Cool Breeze had popped

her bond, leaving her in the station parking lot, refusing to drive her home as punishment for the indiscretion of offering a date to an undercover narc.

As Peabody watched the black working girl standing in the lot, miniskirt up to her ass, breasts straining against her blouse, he felt a familiar urge. His cock was pumping as he called out to her.

"Roxanne, you ugly old whore. Step into my ride, and I'll take you someplace good."

Roxanne's fury and humiliation over Breeze's actions was still plainly obvious on her face. "Wanna pack my crack, white boy? You think you got a dick bad enough to do something with this raggedy old whore?"

She stood with her legs spread wide, hands on her hips, eyes on fire with challenge. "Why don't you bring your pimply white ass over here and drive me home. I just might give you something fine as wine to show my sincere appreciation."

Peabody did not think it would go this far, having only established a passing acquaintance with the prostitute during

station-house small talk. Roxanne, however, did not seem to be in the mood to quibble over etiquette.

"Boy, are you going to move or what? I ain't standing here all night, motherfucker. If you sees anything you like, you just better be struttin' your hips in my direction."

Peabody gunned the Camaro through the deserted streets with a roar, depending on his badge to avoid a ticket or an embarrassing street stop by some night-shift rookie. Roxanne sat beside him quietly, her head resting on the back of the seat, right hand firmly rubbing her exposed pussy, left hand yanking on Peabody's throbbing dork.

"The underground garage," she said urgently, her juices now flowing freely down her chocolate thighs. "Get it in there."

Peabody did as he was told, wheeling in the direction she pointed, finally careening into a space marked "Reserved—Cool Breeze."

As Roxanne threw her keys and purse on the antique hall table, he looked into the living room to see a very young girl lying on the floor sucking three cocks at once. He stopped, transfixed at the sight of this woman-girl swallowing the meat of three fat Japanese businessmen. It was not a surprise to Peabody that the heaviest-set of the three was snapping pictures. "Fucking gooks take pictures of everything," Peabody said to no one in particular.

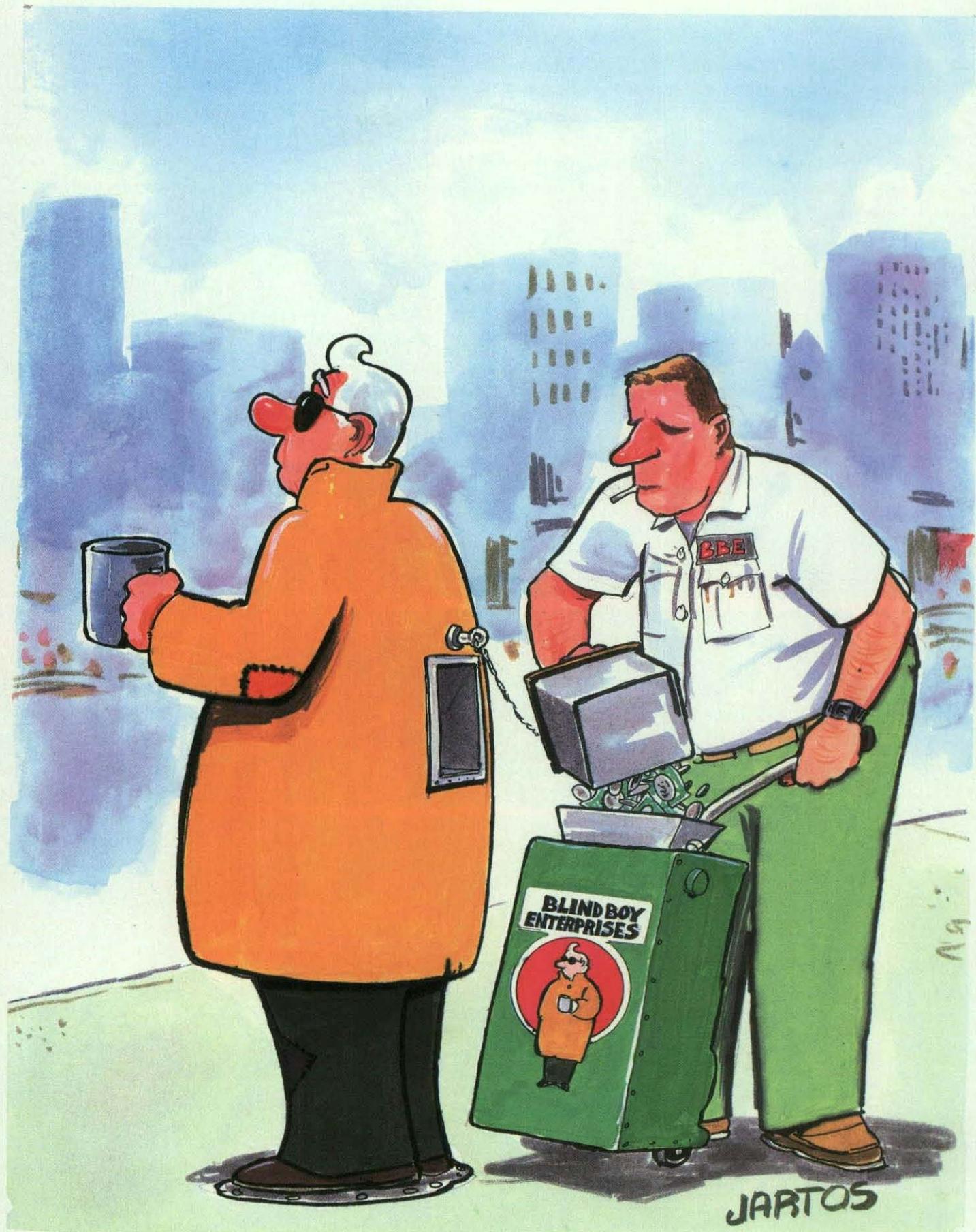
"Hey, piggy," Roxanne called, "get your body over here, or you'll be sucking your own dick."

Peabody obliged, tearing his attention from the four-way scene and slipping the 9mm from his belt as he entered the room.

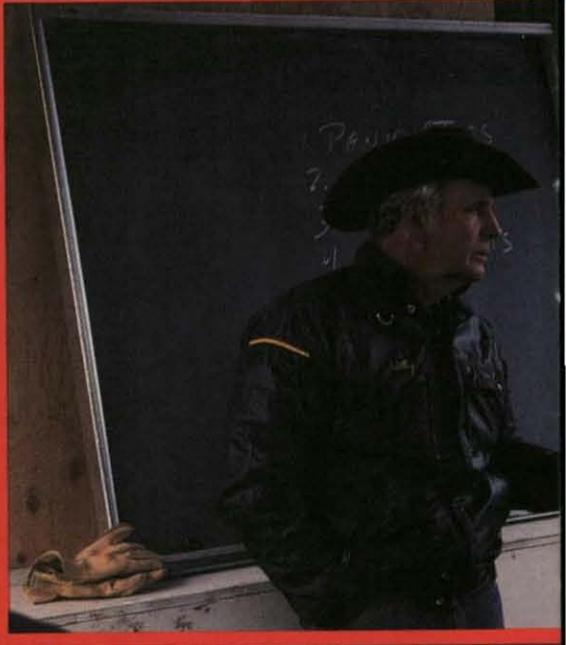
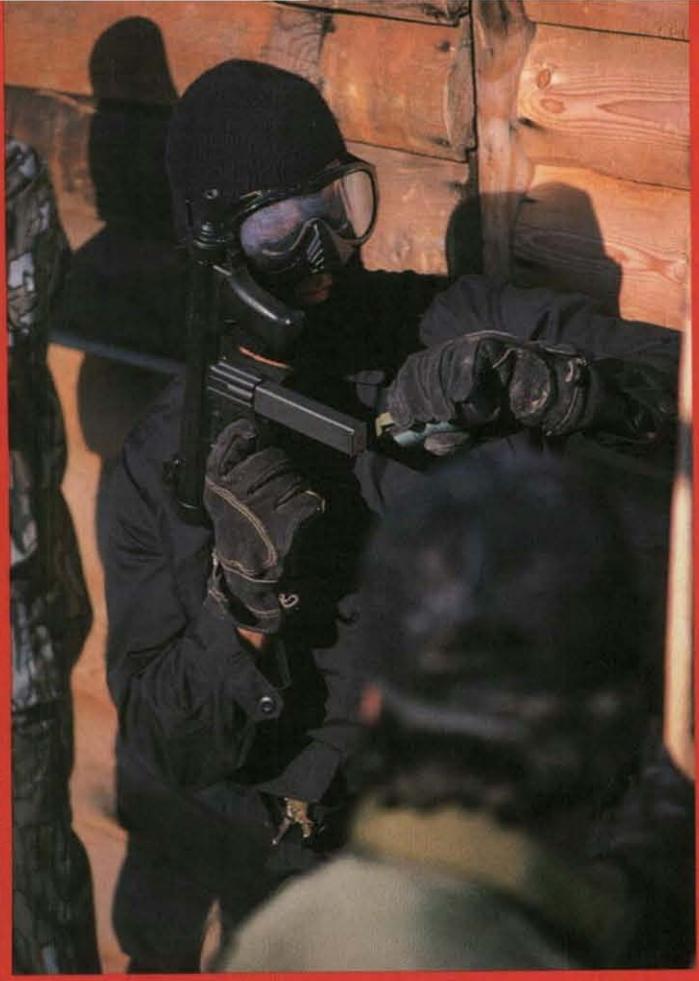
"Ooh, big gun, tough guy," the ebony harlot quipped as she spread herself wide on the bed, squeezing her snatch in the palm of her hand. "Come on, Mr. Po-liceman, what else you got to show me besides cold, cold steel?" She ran the point of her tongue around her thick lips and pulled her knees up to her tits, exposing her smoky-brown quim to him.

He rammed her hard, shoving his cock into her magic box, amazed at the contrast of ebony and ivory. He sliced in and out of her cocoa-buttered slit, whipping up a bubbly chocolate froth. Her cunt sucked him up, squeezing him, milking him, forcing him deeper until he knew it would take all of his strength to pull himself from her and straddle her chest. He wanted to spray her with his white juice, just to see what it would look like.

He slammed into the black hole,
(continued on page 98)



JARTOS



ANTITE

If you've got the
balls, they've got
the schools for
men who like to
live on the edge.



Report by John R. Alba



TERORIST TRAINING

THE MODERN BODYGUARD



ANTITERRORIST SCHOOLS

As the woman turned, she exposed an Uzi submachine gun that she had pulled from the baby carriage.

Harry Evans' first inkling that something was wrong came as he glanced in the rearview mirror and saw the black sedan closing ground rapidly. As the driver of the "scout" car, it was his responsibility to set the pace, and the responsibility of the "client" car to maintain the interval. Instantly, Harry accelerated.

Ahead, in a crosswalk, Harry saw a woman pushing a baby carriage. Leaning on his horn, Evans swerved to avoid the carriage. In his mirror, he saw the following black sedan skid to a stop just inches from the baby carriage and the woman.

"Damn!" he swore, throwing the car into a slide and reversing direction in a perfectly executed J-turn. As the car shuddered to a stop, Evans opened the door, a .45-caliber semiautomatic pistol in his right hand. "Get the hell out of the way," he yelled at the woman, aiming his pistol at her head.

As the woman turned to face him, she exposed an Uzi submachine gun that she had pulled from the carriage. The .45 bucked in Harry's hand, and the woman fell. Evans motioned to the driver of the black sedan to drive through the car-

riage. Without hesitation, the sedan lunged forward, hurtling the baby carriage off to one side.

Evans allowed the client car and the "trail" car to pass him, then cut off any pursuit by blocking the road. When he was sure there was no further threat, Evans sped to catch up with the other two cars.

"Good work," said his passenger. "You just passed the Aldo Moro test. The trick with the baby carriage is what the Red Brigades used to kidnap and kill Moro in 1978."

The crisis depicted above was a carefully planned and executed scenario played out at one of the many executive-protection/antiterrorist training schools in the country.

One of the fastest-growing segments of the antiterrorism business is training. There are martial-arts schools, combat-shooting schools, escape-and-evasion driving schools, special-weapons schools and schools that specialize in executive protection. Counterterrorism has become a multimillion-dollar-a-year industry. As Warren Metzner, past chairman of the terrorist-activity committee of the

American Society for Industrial Security, puts it, "This is probably one of the most marketable commodities anybody's come up with in years. Hang the word *terrorism* on it, and it's amazing how it causes people to respond."

* * *

James R. Jarrett, president and founder of the U.S. Marksmanship Academy in Phoenix, Arizona, is well qualified to teach people how to protect themselves and others. He often works as an executive-protection agent or bodyguard. His credentials don't stop there.

Jarrett is a former Green Beret, a one-time member of the U.S. Army pistol team and an alumni of the LAPD SWAT team. As a street cop his experience includes working in the LAPD's counterinsurgency unit and infiltrating the Students of a Democratic Society and the Friends of the Black Panthers during the 1960s.

"Even a small-business man traveling in the danger zones of Europe and the Middle East is a potential target," says Jarrett, "but someone in a high-profile, high-powered position with a corporation should get some professional help."

Professional help doesn't mean a sub-human goon with brass knuckles or a Rambo clone. Instead, claims Jarrett, "The ideal bodyguard is an intelligent, educated, sophisticated individual, capable of mixing socially and fitting in professionally with his employer." However, in matters of security, the agent must be in full and complete command. "It doesn't help if you have the best agent in the world and you don't take his advice," Jarrett points out.

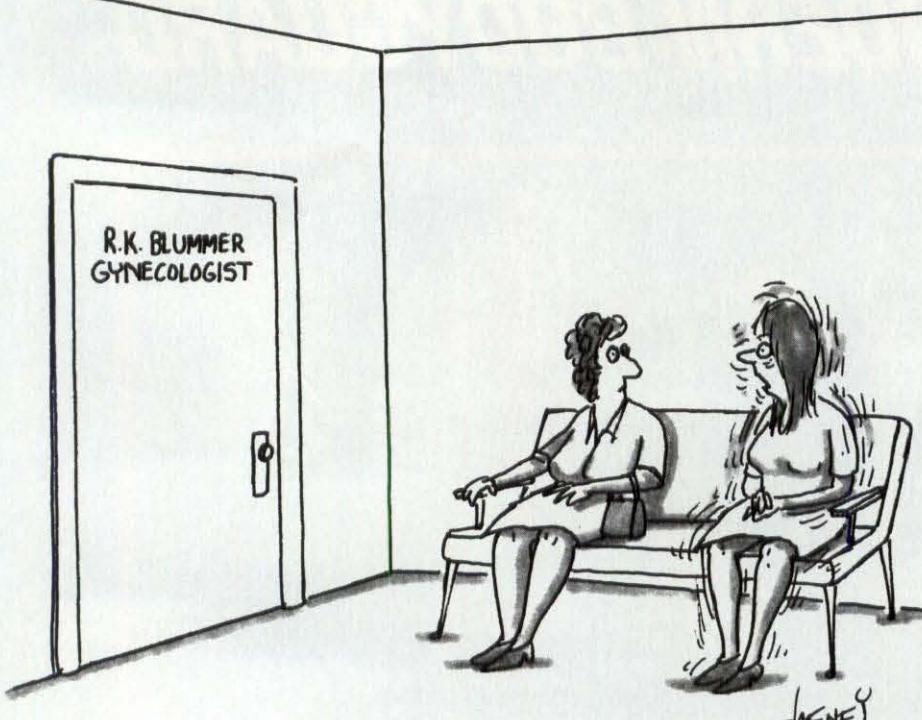
For those who may not be top-level risks or who cannot afford professional protection, Jarrett offers this advice: Get professional training for yourself.

One of Jarrett's students and clients is an executive from the Pacific Northwest. He had been involved in economic, political and religious reform in a Central American country that has since undergone a change of government.

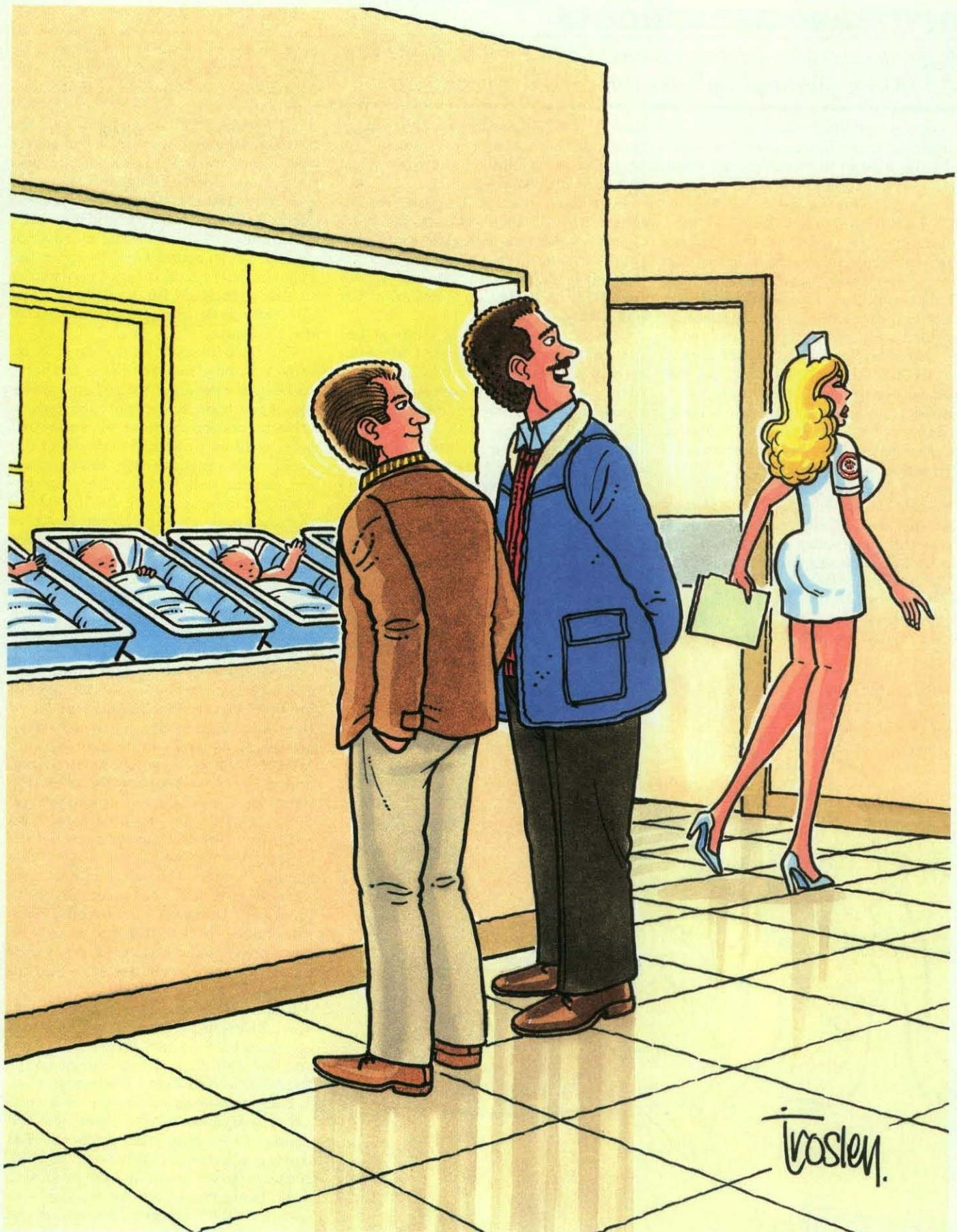
"Because of my activities in Central America, my life was threatened. I was told by a government official, 'There's a contract out on your head.' He further informed me that I wouldn't be safe in Los Angeles or Miami without a bodyguard, because these were jumping off points for enemies of the government."

So, the executive adds, "I asked around about someone skilled in protection skills who could interact with the kind of people I was involved with. Someone suggested James Jarrett. James came up here and trained me and my staff.

"He also accompanied me to conferences in Los Angeles and Orlando, Florida. On one occasion, I was approached by a rather weird individual who wanted



"M-m-m-my v-v-vibrator's st-st-stuck!"



"At birth we struggle hard to get out of the vagina. Then we spend
the rest of our lives trying to get in 'em!"

ANTITERRORIST SCHOOLS

"A good executive-protection agent can earn \$30,000 to \$65,000 a year and up"—a solid career investment.

to confront me about some differences of opinion. James blocked him from me, and I was able to leave the danger zone while James reasoned with the individual and diverted his attention."

Jarrett's school offers three levels of pistolcraft: basic, advanced and master. Other segments of the training include crime prevention, sexual-assault and crime prevention for women, long-range rifle precision shooting, security communications and cryptography, map reading, threat-level assessment, and principles of protection. Total cost for the course is just under \$1,000.

In addition to running his own school, Jarrett is a frequent guest instructor at the Executive Security International (ESI) school in Colorado.

* * *

Nestled in the rugged Rocky Mountains, just outside Aspen, ESI is reputed to be the most advanced school for personal-protection agents in the world.

The school is run by Bob Duggan, president and owner of ESI. Duggan is a fourth-degree black belt in Hwa Rang Do, an exotic martial art developed in

Korea some 2,500 years ago. He's also an expert marksman and an authority on personal protection, counterterrorism and observational psychology.

Instructors include Duggan, former Secret Service agent Harvey Jack McGeorge, international pistol champion John Farnam, professional race-car driver Wally Dallenbach, former undercover cop George Bauer and several other highly regarded experts.

The extensive course of study at ESI has resulted in it being labeled "the Harvard of bodyguard schools." The school offers an 18-month correspondence course and a 14-day residence course. ESI grants the level rank "1" or "1-A" (top-notch, certified personal protector) only to graduates of both courses.

During the two-week resident curriculum, students are subjected to intensive training in the principles of protection, profiles of terrorism, escape-and-evasion driving, basic combat shooting, combat handgun tactics, observational psychology, unarmed defensive tactics, demolition search and identification, electronic security and first-response medicine.

Total costs for the course are \$5,530—not cheap by any means, but according to Duggan it is a solid career investment. "A good executive-protection agent can earn \$30,000 to \$65,000 a year and up."

According to a recent article in *The Wall Street Journal*, "Rubbing elbows with the rich and famous is an undeniable attraction of security work." But it isn't the only motivation, asserts Duggan. "The most common trait of personal-protection agents is the desire to serve and protect."

Another key factor is the element of danger. "Most agents enjoy living on the edge. In that regard, they are very similar to the terrorists," Duggan states. "The difference is that we play defense. We're the good guys."

The main thrust of the course is on using your head instead of your weapons. As Duggan explains, "We put a lot of emphasis on the proactive approach to executive protection because we know that good planning and good procedures can avoid crisis situations. We don't neglect the reactive skills, because they are important, but we recognize that if you have to draw a gun, it's usually because you've failed to take some proactive precaution."

The basic combat- and handgun-tactics class takes up the largest share of the 151-hour course—35 hours. Once the basics are mastered, the students move on to study combat handgun tactics.

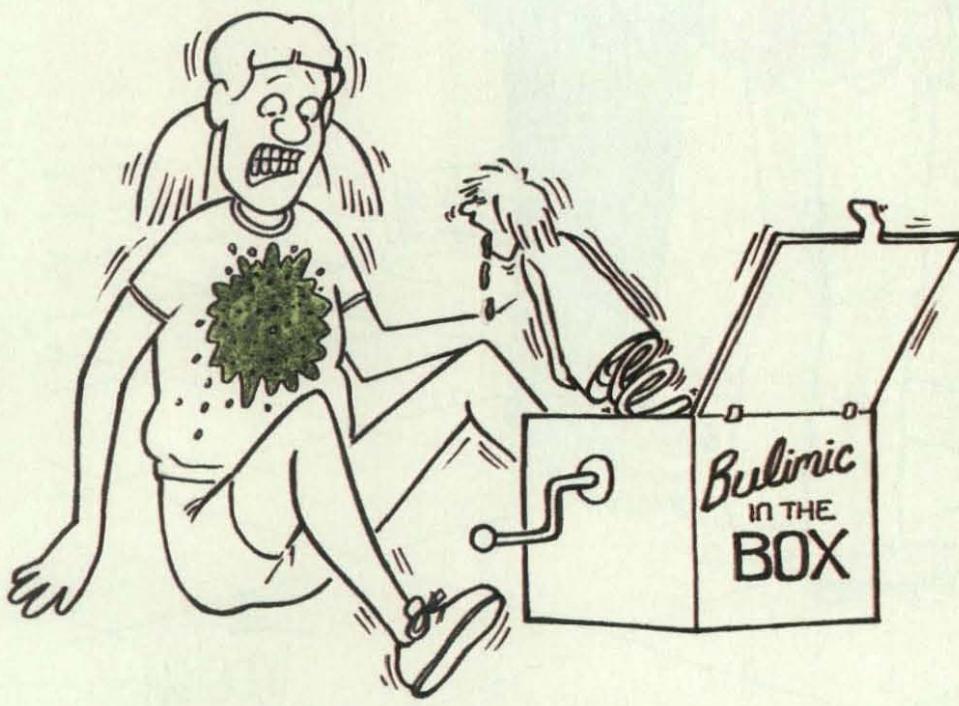
Here students are taught rapid draw and how to make first-round hits against multiple targets. Techniques for rapid fire, reloading and clearing malfunctions are taught. Then the students progress to MOUT (Military Operations in Urban Terrain) exercises that emphasize moving out of cars, into buildings where the students must solve tactical problems against shoot/don't shoot targets.

Students also deal with targets that simulate protective detail situations. This part of the course takes place in "Duggan's Dungeon," a fun house filled with booby traps. Students shoot with paint-pellet pistols at other students and/or instructors. The paint wounds serve as reminders of their mistakes.

To pass the shooting course, a student must differentiate between a "good guy" target and a "bad guy" target, then draw and fire a shot into the vital zone of the "bad guy" in less than 1.5 seconds.

Escape-and-evasion driving also comprises a significant portion of the ESI course. One thing that makes the ESI driving segment different is its full-contact aspect. Drivers are taught how to avoid being forced off the road, how to turn the tables on an attacking car and force it off the road, as well as the proper technique for ramming a roadblock.

(continued on page 88)



DUAINE TINSLY

Beaver Hunt

It's no surprise that 22-year-old Missy, a housewife who lists her occupation as giving head, dreams of having a woman "eat my pussy until it's raw." The Miccosukee, Florida, Beaver gets one wish fulfilled with the appearance of her photo here.



WIN \$1,000

HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE

Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. To increase your chances of being chosen, you should send in a copy of some form of photo ID, such as a driver's license, along with this release. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, Third Floor 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

Please Print

Model's Name _____

Name to Be Published _____

Address _____

City _____

Date of Birth _____

State _____ Zip _____

Photographer _____

Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

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I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

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Date _____

It's open season for Beavers; so don't miss out on the bounty for these furry critters. Simply snap a clear color picture of your favorite lady in the nude, and send it to HUSTLER. If we print it, she'll win \$100 and a shot at an extended photo-feature worth \$1,000. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo, plus a photocopy of her driver's license or other photo ID) to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Please legibly fill out the release on this page. All photos submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.



Coral, 28, is a Moses Lake, Washington, homemaker and cocktail waitress who likes nude sunbathing, fishing and boating. Her equally wet fantasy is to be a nude model for HUSTLER, beginning with this exposure.



Photo by Husband



Could you hold still if you caught Rocky playing with herself as she pretended you weren't watching? That's the fantasy of this 24-year-old housewife from Wilmington, Delaware, who likes cooking and crocheting.

Photo by Friend

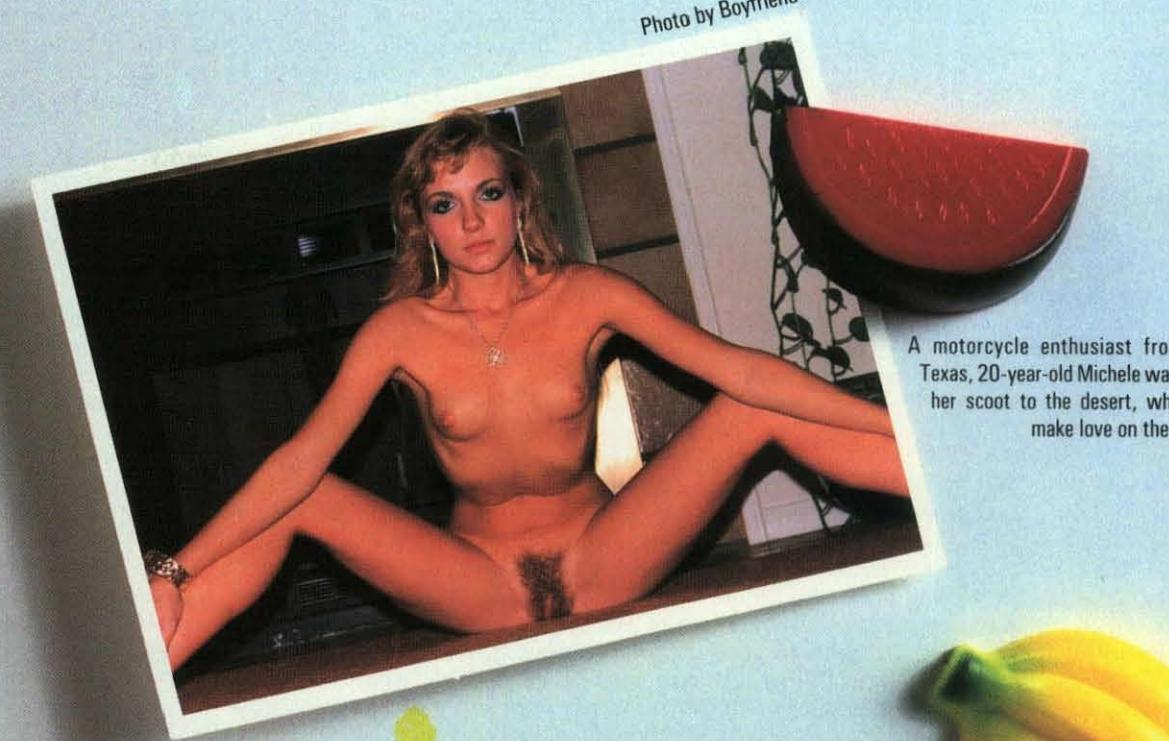


Nineteen-year-old Teena Marie, a part-time student in Wausau, Wisconsin, loves dancing, wild clothing and modeling. Her sexual fantasy involves making love to her boyfriend all night long on a moonlit beach.

Photo by Husband



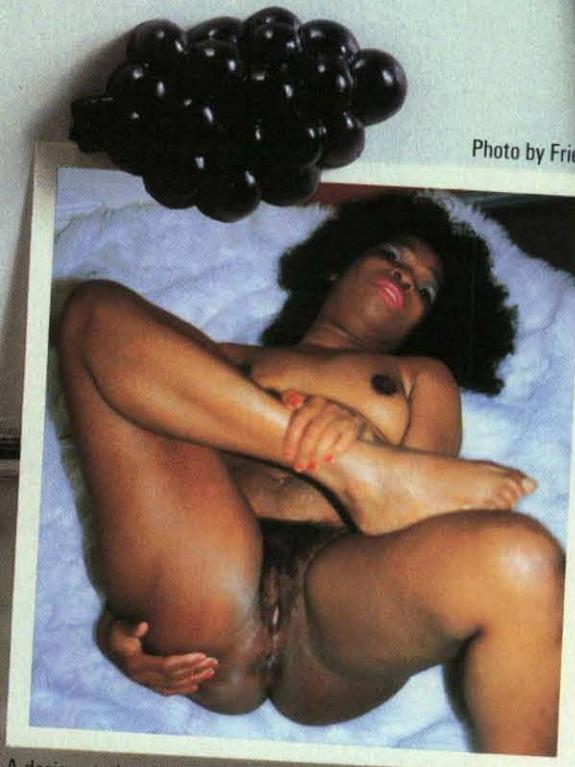
Cooking and travel appeal to 35-year-old Cathy, a medical receptionist in Portland, Oregon, as does being the meat of a front-and-rear sex sandwich. A nudist who's shown her stuff on four continents, she dreams of stripping in Africa or Asia.



A motorcycle enthusiast from Irving, Texas, 20-year-old Michele wants to ride her scooter to the desert, where she'd make love on the hot sand.



Making love to another man while her husband watches is part of the fantasy of Diana, a 27-year-old Huntsville, Alabama, housewife. The bicyclist and swimmer also wants to watch hubbie get it on.



A design student in San Francisco, California, Lynett, 31, likes sewing and modeling. Her dream is to find a man who turns her on sexually—a tough fantasy in San Francisco.

ANTITERRORIST SCHOOLS (continued from page 84)

"The predators eat the old, the sick, the wounded, the very young and the weak, but never the strong."

They practice the techniques until they get them right.

"Cars are expensive, but we feel the training is so important that we go through four or five cars a year," says driving ace Dallenbach. Even then, the hulks are used as roadblock cars to be rammed, or they may go out in a blaze of glory as part of a terrorist-attack scenario. Duggan shrugs off the expense. "It's expensive, but it's no luxury. Nowadays it's a damn necessity.

* * *

Perhaps the most elite of the antiterrorist schools is the American Pistol Institute at Gunsite Ranch near Paulden, Arizona. Run by combat-shooting guru Jeff Cooper, this academy for shootists attracts an interesting and diverse international clientele—military and police personnel from friendly countries, bodyguards to the rich and famous, diplomats, executives and law-enforcement types dissatisfied with the level of training offered by their own departments.

The American Pistol Institute is more specialized than most schools. It's a basic

combat-shooting school, and it does not pretend to be anything more.

What Cooper does best he does better than anyone else in the world. He teaches (at a cost of \$600, plus ammunition, lodging and food) the use of the handgun in confrontational situations—in short, how to survive a gunfight. Dozens of Cooper's graduates have survived serious confrontations and have reported their experiences back to "the Master." "Seventy percent report that they did not have to shoot," Cooper asserts. "Since I became competent at my trade, I've gone to Condition Red [full alert, ready-to-shoot situations] eight times, and never had to fire a shot for blood."

An advocate of the .45 auto, Cooper stresses accuracy, power and speed. "No one of the three takes precedence. A shot that doesn't hit the target is useless. A shot that hits, but with inadequate force, is useless. And a well-placed and powerful shot, delivered too late, is useless," he maintains.

The defensive pistolcraft skills that the American Pistol Institute teaches "are a combination of marksmanship, gun-

handling and mind-set. But before that is will," Cooper asseverates. "Two men cannot take over an aircraft with more than 150 people on board if the will to resist is there. Unfortunately, this is the age of the wimp."

* * *

If the Aspen school is the most complete and Cooper's the most elite, the most intense is the G. Gordon Liddy Academy of Corporate Security and Private Investigation.

Liddy, whose claims to notoriety include his conviction for participation in the Watergate burglary, his credentials as a former agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation and a tour of duty as straight man to Timothy Leary in a two-man comedy team, is in basic agreement with Cooper's assessment that the United States has gone soft.

"The world is a jungle. And in the jungle the predators eat the old, the sick, the wounded, the very young and the weak, but never the strong. Lesson: If you would survive, you had better be strong," Liddy proclaims.

Liddy agrees with Cooper that individuals have a responsibility for their own defense. "Wyatt Earp is dead and gone. If you would be secure, you would be well advised to protect yourself and to avail yourself of people who can, because the government can't anymore, or won't anymore."

The Liddy Academy, an outgrowth of G. Gordon Liddy and Associates Inc., a Miami-based private-investigation and uniformed-security company, is a "road company" school. Courses are offered in a number of cities, including Miami, New York and Los Angeles.

The 17-day, \$2,700 course offers classes on electronic eavesdropping, competitor intelligence/industrial espionage, intrusion (exit/entry) as well as the armed-and unarmed-combat and commando training classes.

The emphasis of the training is defensive. "But," says Liddy, "in order to prevent someone from bugging your office, you have to know how to do the bugging. And I've always gone along with the idea that the best defense is a good offense."

* * *

Chuck Byers, president of Accuracy Systems Inc., runs a school that combines high-tech weaponry with commando tactics. This is the flashiest of the schools. Because of the nature of his training, the school is not open to the general public. Byers' students are law-enforcement officers from all levels of government.

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ANTITERRORIST SCHOOLS

"The bad guys just aren't prepared to see a limo do a 180 and come right back toward them."

which we shorten to SPLAT," says Byers.

In short, the SPLAT weapons are explosive devices that are designed not to kill, but to stun and disable.

"A typical scenario for the use of these munitions would involve a group of two or three terrorists taking, say, a dozen hostages, whom they are holding in an enclosed area. It is very difficult to get into an enclosed area quickly enough to disarm the terrorists before they can do harm to the hostages, using conventional weapons. But with a SPLAT stun grenade, you can temporarily disable everyone in the room, kill no one, handcuff the lot, and sort out the good guys from the bad guys later," Byers says.

The Accuracy Systems school, located on a remote desert ranch near New River, Arizona, teaches the officers how to use the high-tech weapons safely.

In addition to the stun grenades, the SPLAT line includes devices for blowing doors off their hinges, explosive strips designed to slide under doors, shotgun shells that use ceramic projectiles, and other tools lumped by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms into a cate-

gory called "destructive devices."

* * *

Every time a wealthy heiress is kidnapped or an American diplomat is gunned down by terrorists, business picks up at the Bob Bondurant School of High Performance Driving in Sears Point, California.

Bondurant, who had a long and successful career as a sportscar racer, runs a driving school for would-be racers, stunt drivers, police officers, corporate chauffeurs, bodyguards and others interested in high-performance driving.

"About 12 to 13 years ago, the security honcho for a major oil outfit asked me to develop a course for some of the company's drivers," Bondurant recalls. "I thought it had something to do with racing. But he set me straight and told me he wanted a driving course for corporate chauffeurs."

At the time, Bondurant had been training only serious racing enthusiasts, the occasional Hollywood stuntman and a few police officers seeking to improve their professional driving skills.

"I sat down with the security chief and

discussed the problem. He told me exactly what the company needed—drivers who could extricate the executives from dangerous situations, safely, competently and efficiently. I listened, then started designing a program that incorporated elements from my racing course, bits and pieces from the stunt-driving course, and a whole lot of the police-pursuit course. Then I added a few refinements," he grins.

Before putting anyone through the course, Bondurant did some additional research. "We talked to some people from major police agencies, including the FBI and the CIA, about what really happens in car-chase situations—how long they last, who does what, what the result usually is."

The result was a four-day course that teaches the normally reserved limousine drivers how to toss their stretched Mercedes-Benzes or Cadillacs around the racecourse like sportscars, executing moves that would make the Dukes of Hazzard downright envious.

The course, which costs \$2,000, takes a very scientific approach. While it can be a lot of fun, the driving is treated as serious business. "The key is knowing what the car is going to do when you do something and making the correct decision to take the right action," he emphasizes.

"We teach people to be aware of what is around them and ahead of them, how to control the vehicle, and how to react in an emergency situation. They have to do some pretty tricky maneuvers, at speed and under pressure. By pressure, I mean I'm yelling at the guy, telling him to do things that he should know not to do. If he stays cool and ignores me and does what he's supposed to, we move on. If not, we do it over till he gets it right."

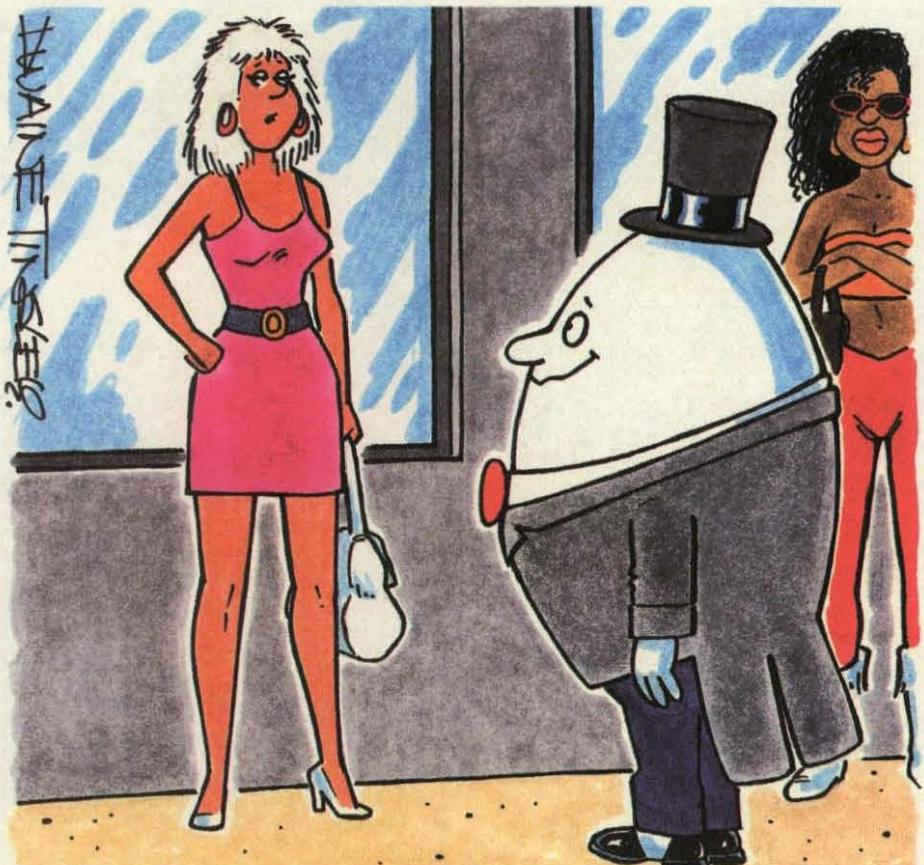
"Then we do an actual chase. This is the final exam for the course. It's when we really start to have fun. The chase starts with an ambush. When the driver sees my headlights come on, he knows the chase is on. I put the pressure on, really let it all hang out, to see just how much the driver has learned. I try to make him use every little trick I've taught him."

Kidnappers or terrorists are going to try to give themselves the advantage of the element of surprise, Bondurant contends. "We give the drivers a few surprises of their own. Most chase cars are faster than the limos they are chasing, but the bad guys just aren't prepared to see a limo do a 180 and come right back toward them."

* * *

Questioned about the efficacy of executive protection and antiterror training, federal law-enforcement agencies issue terse "No comments" on the official level. June Veziris, a public-affairs specialist for the Secret Service, said her

(continued on page 94)



"I'll give you a blowjob, but I'm not swallowing. I'm cutting down on cholesterol!"

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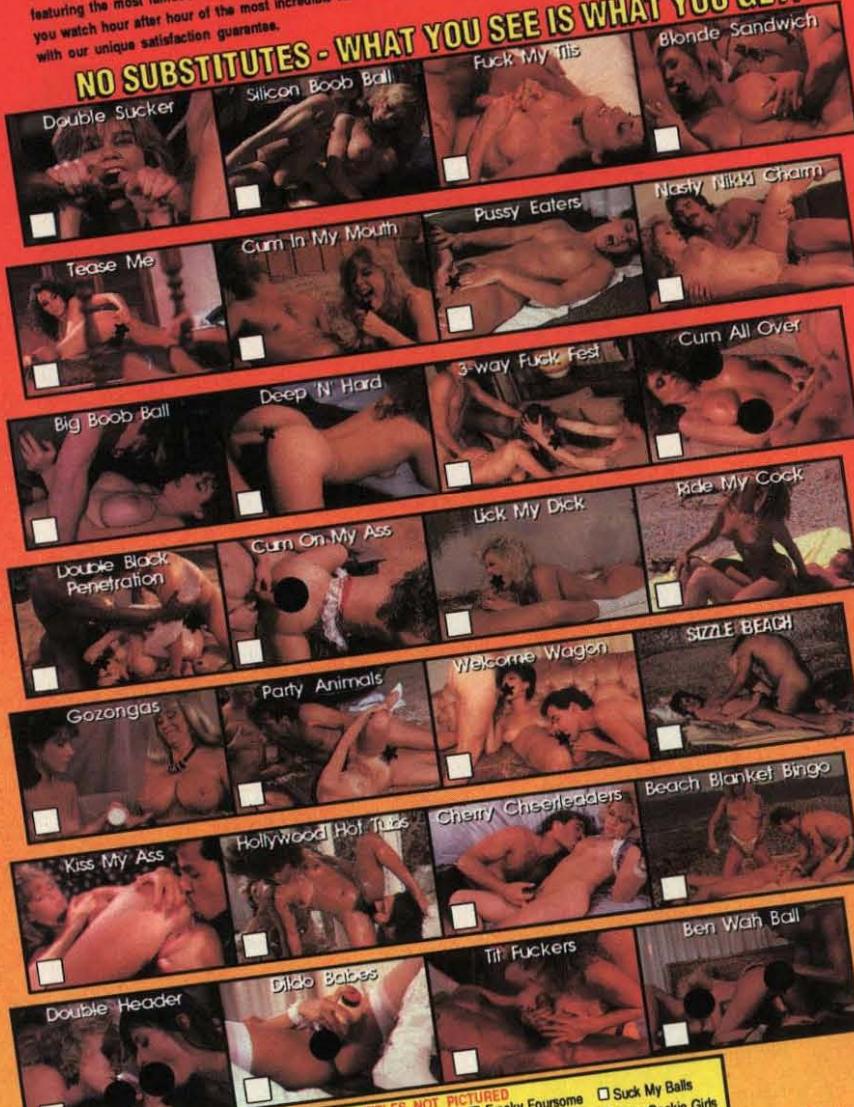
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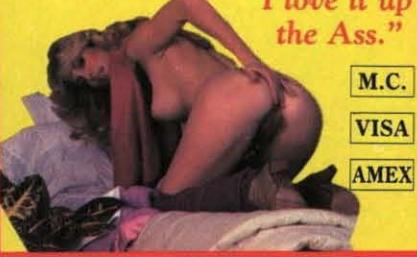


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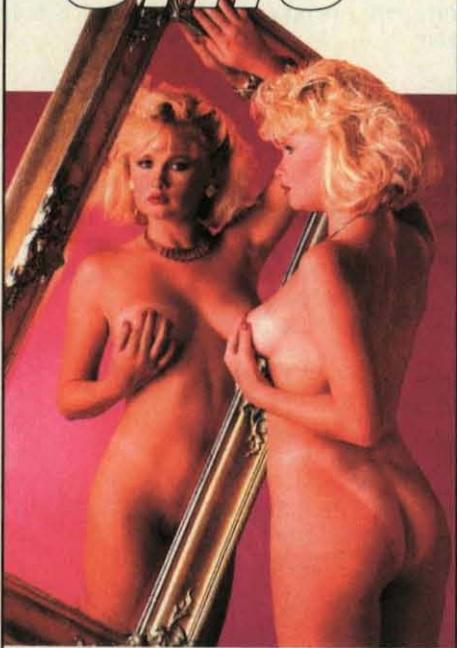
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ANTITERRORIST SCHOOLS (continued from page 90)

"In this era of increased liability, if you're not trained for a job, you're in big trouble."

agency has no dealings with the schools and has a firm policy of not discussing its own training.

"We are not in a position to say anything about those kinds of schools," she says. Asked if Secret Service agents might attend such schools to survey their training, she replies, "I've learned never to say never, but I just don't know."

The official line from the FBI is similar. "We aren't permitted to make any statements that might be an endorsement. I'd find myself unemployed if I were to say that one school or another was good, bad or indifferent," says an FBI spokesman.

However, off the record, several officers employed by a variety of federal agencies—including the Drug Enforcement Administration, the U.S. Marshal's office and the FBI—admit to attending the schools.

"I owe my life to the training I received from Jeff Cooper," avers one lawman.

"After all the training I've had, I didn't think I'd learn much at Duggan's Executive Security International, but I was dead wrong," says another fed. "It is a

worthwhile, very professional school."

Officers of law-enforcement agencies below the federal level are less reticent. Stan Daniels, firearms-training officer for the Maricopa County (Arizona) Sheriff's Department, often uses both Accuracy Systems and Executive Security International as guest instructors for his department.

"In this era of increased liability, if you're not trained for a job, you're in big trouble. Any training that adds a level of professionalism is extremely welcome," he says.

SPLAT munitions manufactured by Accuracy Systems get high marks from the law-enforcement agencies that use them. Captain Brian Brady of the Novato, California, police department says the grenades have performed "as advertised" in field situations.

Brady, who also runs Resources and Referral, a private company that provides training to most of California's police SWAT teams, says the munitions were used successfully by law-enforcement officers in Fresno, Monterey County and Petaluma within the past year.

Brady credits Accuracy Systems with being extremely responsive to criticism or suggestions from field practitioners.

"We have to be," says Byers. "The guys in the field are our research-and-development lab. If they tell us something doesn't work right, or if they have an idea that will work better, we listen and make the improvements." ☀

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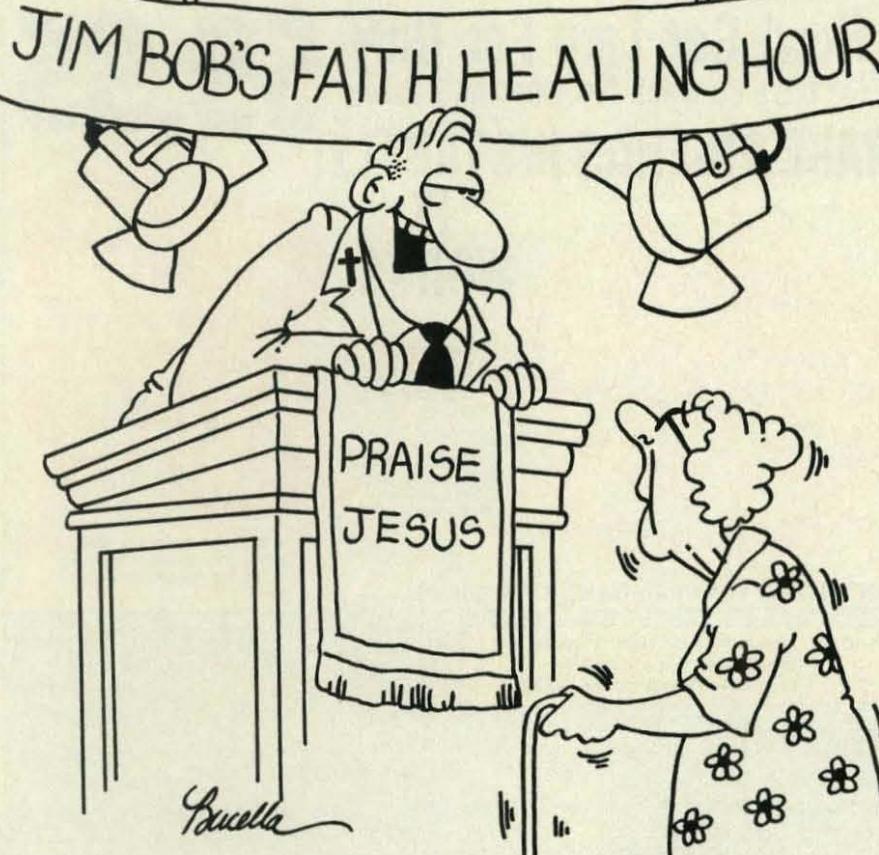
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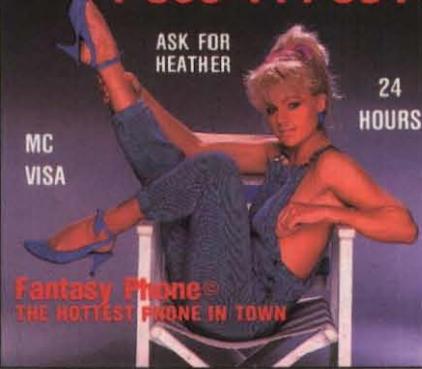
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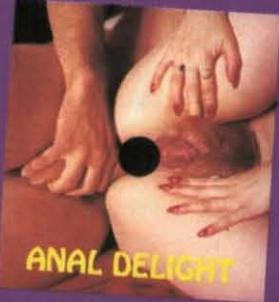
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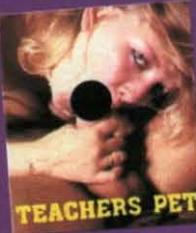
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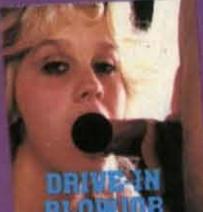
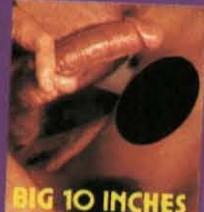
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PAYBACKS (continued from page 78)

"That's the way, you honkie fucking bastard: Come on my big black tits. Let me see how far you can shoot."

churning the jizz in his big cop balls. Feeling the flood surging up his dick, he used every last ounce of energy to pull himself free from her clutching cunt and scramble up to the dusky, molten mountains.

"Stroke it," he demanded. "Stroke it and let it come. I wanna drown you, bitch."

Roxanne laughed as she began to jerk his joint, faster and faster until she could feel the stream forcing its way to the tip of his tool. "That's the way, you honkie fucking bastard: Come on my big black tits. Let me see how far you can shoot. Let me taste it, white boy."

Urged on by the hot cries of this steaming Nubian pixie, Peabody shot his first load across her lips, followed by a spurt which landed on her chest, splashing across the dark flesh and dripping down the sides of her dark melons. Shot after shot came from deep within his balls as Roxanne struggled to catch the thick globs on her tongue, strands of cum hanging from her chin.

It was not the last time Peabody spent the night on Lake Shore Drive. Walking a

very thin line between cops and robbers wasn't easy, but Roxanne was not an easy woman to leave alone.

Pulling into the parking garage that evening, the detective wondered what Roxanne had to say that was so important. Cool Breeze was specific in his whispers. No pussy tonight—just talk. *So be it*, Peabody thought, his head beginning to pound with the early warning signs of a serious hangover.

Roxanne was in her room, sitting with her lanky legs drawn under her, staring out at the lights of Chicago. "Cool Breeze said you wanted to talk," he began, stroking her shoulders as he stood behind her.

"You like it here, white boy?" she quiered. Peabody laughed.

"Peggy liked it here too," she continued. "In fact, she liked it here a lot."

"Peggy!" he exclaimed. "What the fuck do you know about Peggy?"

It was Roxanne's turn to laugh. "Oh, Officer," she said sarcastically, shrugging his hands off her shoulders, then walking seductively to the bar. "I thought you kept up on all us girls."

Peabody stammered, confused and an-

gry at this fucking whore's words.

"She was Margie's sister. She worked for that attorney—what's his name over there at—"

"I know the dude's name," Roxanne interrupted with a snort. "He fuckin' brought her to me. The shylock worked for The Breeze. Your Mr. High-Class Attorney was nothing but another fucking pimp. Christ, Peabody, you sure are fuckin' stupid for a white cop."

Peabody snapped. In three quick steps the plainclothes detective was right in Roxanne's face, his hand ready to slap her full lips into next week.

"Go ahead, hit me," she said softly, though defiantly. "You know I like it. You won't do me no harm."

The flatfoot froze, hand in the air, feeling the anger drain from his guts.

"She's been working for us for two years. I never wanted to tell you. It was her life, anyway. There's lots you don't know, lover."

Peabody slumped in her chair, still staring hard at her. "So what the fuck are you telling me now for?" he demanded. He was thinking of Margie—how could he tell her this bit of dark history about her sister?

"A few days ago I sent Peggy out on a job at Pink View, you know, the place on Grand Boulevard. I didn't think nothing about it. There was a dude there I knew from before. Goes by the name of Bone Sauce. If you want the dude that wasted Peggy, you find him."

Peabody walked to the front door, where Roxanne called to him as his hand clutched the doorknob.

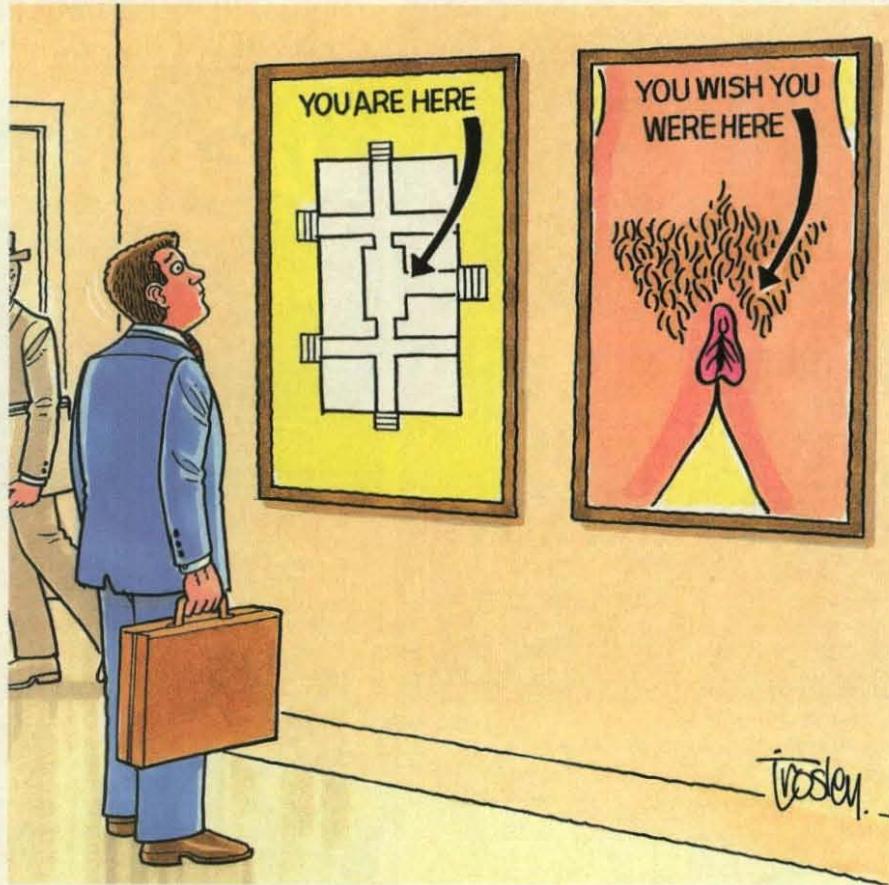
"Margie know too, white boy. I called her."

For a moment he wanted to turn and punch the shit out of her. The fucking whore didn't know what she had done by telling Margie. A name was all his girlfriend needed to hear. Peabody knew he had to get to this jagoff before she did.

It was 3 a.m. The cop pushed the built 350 pursuit engine to the limits across town toward the Pink View. His mind was racing with thoughts of why Peggy would want to work at that fucking slut palace. She seemed like such a sweet kid. As he wheeled and dealed through the cruising ghetto traffic, he remembered fucking Peggy before Margie and him had become serious. He had played them both before settling on Margie.

Peggy wasn't bad, but Margie laid her sexual cards all out on the table. Nothing was too extreme or outrageous. Peggy? Peggy was such a strait-laced little thing.

He slammed the car in park and took a deep breath. "Okay, Mr. Bone Sauce, (continued on page 102)



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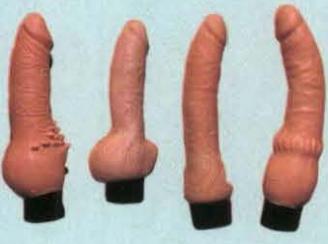


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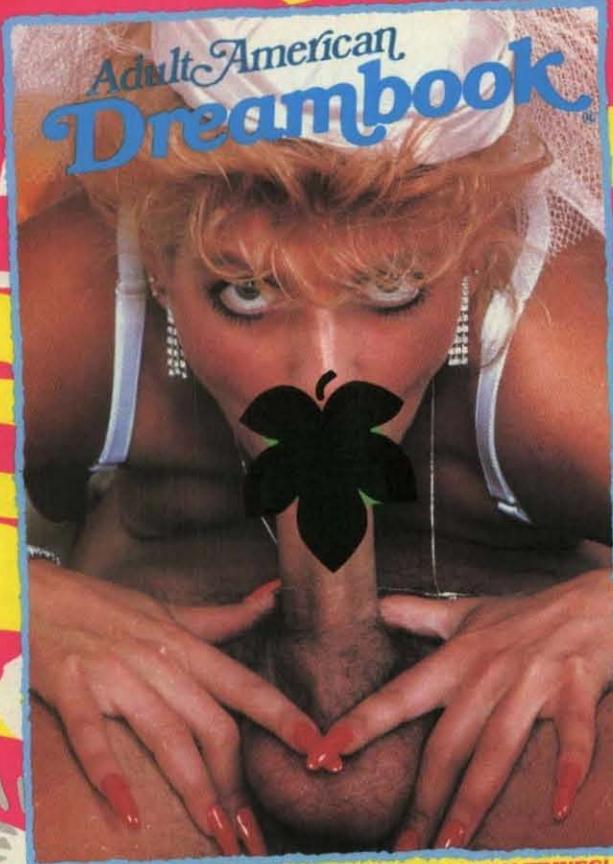


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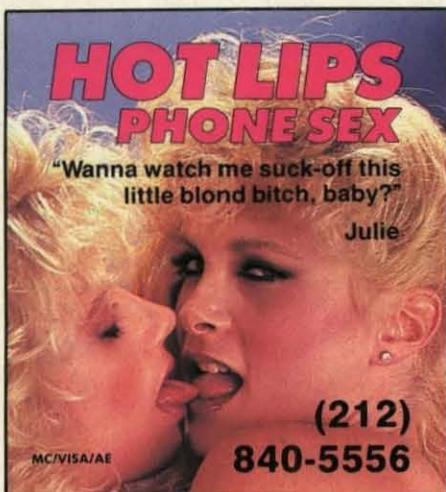
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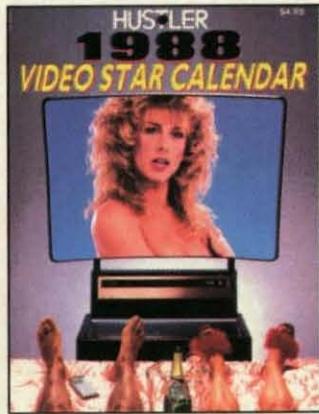


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Age, Birthdate _____

PAYBACKS (continued from page 98)

At least a dozen men surrounded the revolving platform, stroking their cocks and muttering obscenities.

time to pay the rent."

Peabody pushed through the door, coming face-to-face with Bernard, the wheezy, fat little retard who ran the cashier. Bernard was perfect for the job, too slow to pick up on the broads and too harmless-looking to intimidate the sleazebag johns.

"Hi, P-p-p-peabody."

"Shut the fuck up, Bernard," he shouted. "Someday you're gonna stutter your way to hell. I want the key to the back room. Now."

Bernard began to spit and sputter as Peabody held him by the throat with one hand while rummaging through his baggy pockets with the other.

"Aha, Bernard," Peabody chuckled, "I imagine this must be the key in question. You don't mind if I borrow it, do you, Bernard?" With that he slammed his kneecap into the pudgy man's balls, holding the doorman firmly as he slumped to the floor.

Peabody slipped the key into the lock and walked into the room. Holding the automatic discreetly behind his thigh, he surveyed the room, searching for the face

of anyone who resembled what a Bone Sauce might look like.

Pink View's back room was a private club, separate from the jerkoff booths open to the public. This was the private playground for special customers who had won favor with Cool Breeze. Tonight the room was packed, mattresses spread wall to wall, video screen flashing porn, the smell of jism and sweat permeating every corner.

Staying close to the wall, hidden by the shadows, Peabody circled the room, straining to focus his eyes through the haze of red lights and smoke. It was the first time he had seen anything like this.

In the center of the room was a velvet-covered table. A young woman was tied spread-eagle. At least a dozen men surrounded the slowly revolving platform, stroking their cocks and muttering obscenities. One by one they came closer to her, pulling their puds, creaming on her tits and belly. Peabody's prick swelled in his jeans as he caught sight of her young twat oozing with semen each time she arched her hips upward.

The cop continued searching the crowd of bodies, sights and sounds short-circuiting his senses. His cock raged between his legs in a strange mixture of passion and hatred. With each twitch of his tool his finger tightened on the trigger, but the cop knew that coming in his pants would cause him to blow someone away.

Through the cries, whispers and groans of bodies in heat, Peabody could detect a familiar sound. He continued to circle the room, sidestepping humping couples, pausing to watch, then stalking methodically toward the sound. Her passionate screams rang in his mind, striking a chord of recognition. Her whispers echoed. Peabody moved faster now, realizing what he was about to find, praying it would not be true.

She was hanging from the ceiling, feet barely touching the floor, arms stretched taut by chains and manacles. Her pretty face was twisted in a vile expression of bestial passion as two cocks slammed into her. She winced and shuddered as the hooded stranger shoved his hips against her ass, forcing his fat fuckstick deep into her bowels.

Filled from behind, she spread her legs wide as her snatch was filled from the front by a pathetic-looking slime who was biting her nipples hard as he

(continued on page 106)

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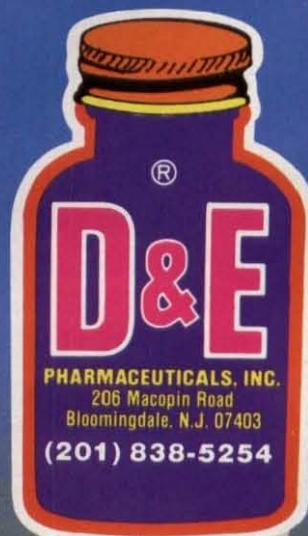
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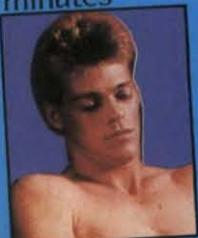
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PAYBACKS (continued from page 102)

She was bouncing viciously on the chains as the two sliced into her with heated spasms.

pounded deeply into her cunt. Peabody watched as Margie was double-fucked, fascinated by her passion, his guts turning in anger, his finger putting pressure on the trigger, ready to move, though afraid to move.

Struggling to keep himself in control, he knew Margie had found her sister's killer. It had to be one of the jagoffs fucking the shit out of her. She had set him up. Now all he could do was wait. He drew back deeper into the shadows and waited.

She was bouncing viciously on the chains as the two sliced into her with heated spasms. With a muffled yell, the hooded man busted his rocks on Margie's ass, then silently walked away. Still locked in her pussy, the runt kept up the brutal pounding until Margie began to address him. He smiled, quickly releasing her from the chains. She led him then to a private room and closed the door. As they passed him, Peabody noticed the tattoo on the scumbag's arm: "Bone Sauce—Born to Run."

Peabody carefully moved through the bodies, reaching the door and testing the

handle. Locked. He listened, hearing the soothing voice of Margie. She was making the move. It was her "let me tie you up" game. She was the kind of woman you could trust to handcuff you to the bedpost. Bone Sauce was taken by her little-girl charm and innocent face.

The sleazy cretin was laughing a wicked guffaw as Margie continued to seduce him into a game of bondage. Peabody heard the handcuffs click, once, then again. He kicked open the door to find Margie straddling the chest of the bound, gagged and handcuffed runt.

She was screwing a silencer on the end of the .45, a straightedge razor held between her teeth.

"Margie, don't," Peabody said sternly as she placed the barrel against the runt's forehead. "This really isn't the way to do it."

Taking the razor from her mouth, she flipped it open, making sure the runt could see it shimmer in the light.

"Peabody," she said quietly, "why don't you head over to Louie's and get us a table. Order me a drink too. I'll be there in 20 minutes or so."

Peabody lowered his piece, shoving it in his belt. "Okay, Margie," he said, pulling the door closed behind him.

Slipping out through the back door into the fresh night air, the detective took a deep breath, trying to keep his heart from pounding out of his chest. As he leaned against the cool bricks of the alleyway, he heard the sloshing of tires through puddles, watching the silhouette of a limousine pulling toward him.

Instinctively he reached for his piece.

"Relax, honkie," came a woman's voice as the windows rolled down. It was Roxanne.

He walked to the limo, slipping the 9mm back in its cradle as he noticed The Breeze stretching himself from the driver's side.

"Uh, Peabody, my man," Cool Breeze drawled as he scratched his kinky goatee. "Ain't you got's someplace to go, man? I mean, you know, me and the princess here, we gots some heavy garbage to dispose of, and you be too fine a man to be messin' with no garbage."

Peabody nodded, compliantly ambling toward the street. He did not look back when he heard the trunk lid open. He did not listen to the whispering voices behind him.

Tomorrow, first thing, he'd buy those tickets to Florida. Maybe Margie would like a suntan after all. ☺

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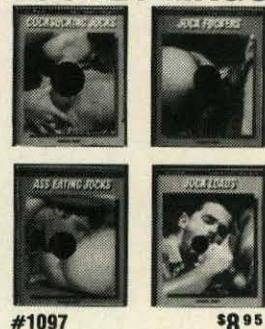
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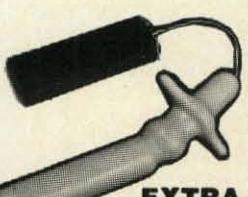
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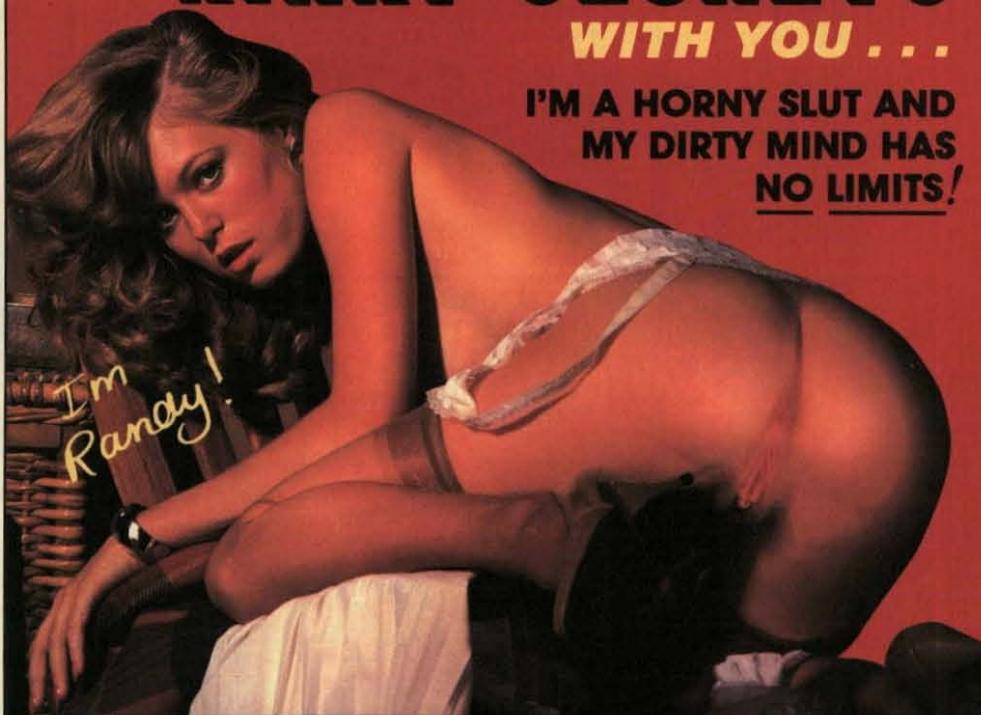


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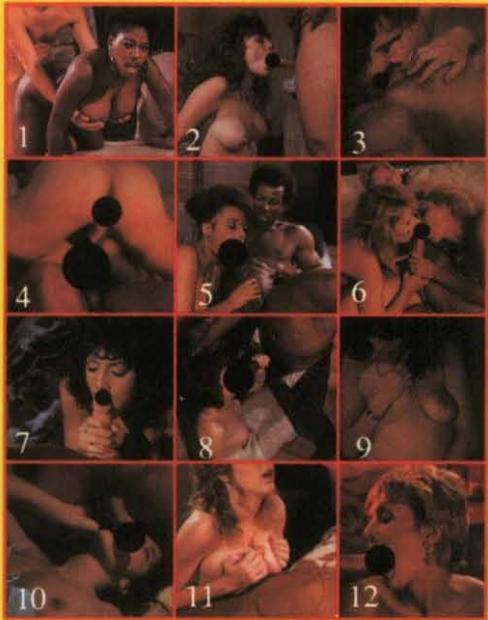
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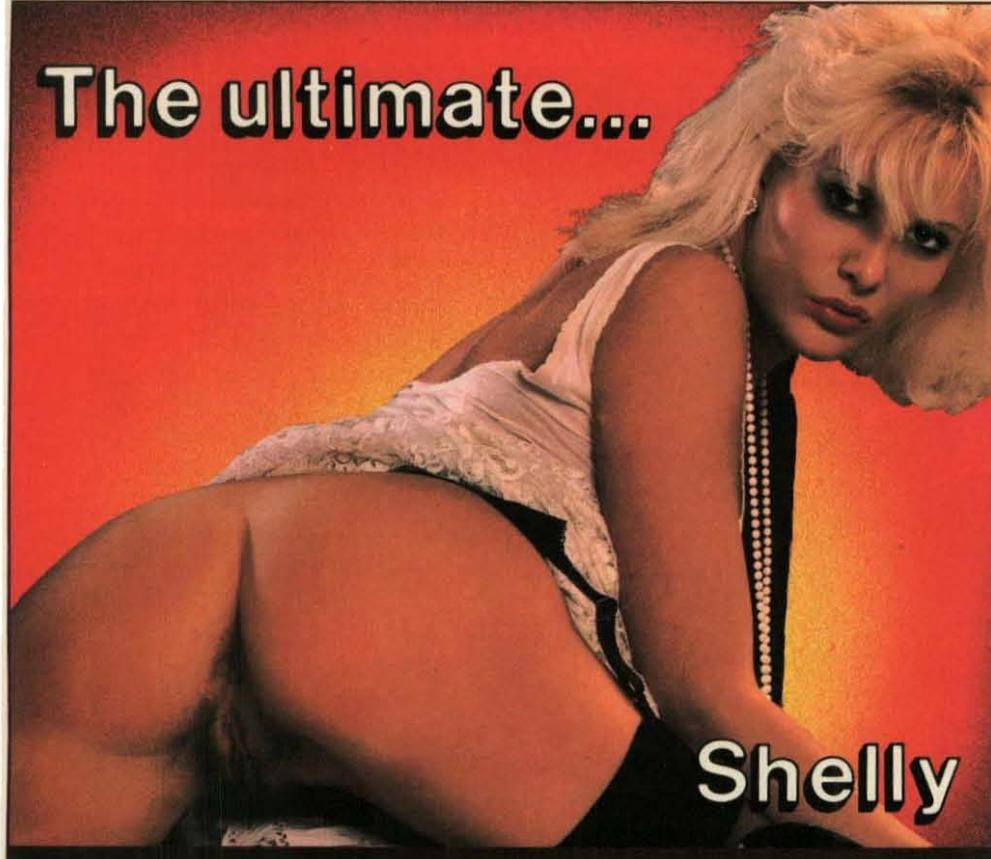
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Skeptical broadcaster reports on I.C.L. Process

"I found a permanent way to REGAIN A FULL HEAD OF HAIR!"

by Steve Ross

Philadelphia Radio/TV Personality

I was auditioning in a TV studio when I caught a glimpse of myself on the monitor. There on the screen was a balding area, more obvious than I had ever noticed before.

I went home and pulled out a videotape of an HBO special I'd hosted a few years before and it confirmed my worst suspicions. The cumulative effects of several years of gradual, almost imperceptible hair loss had added up more than I realized.

I Was Damned Scared!

I knew I had to do something. But what? How? Where?

Every Tom, Dick and Harry has a hair remedy—or so it seems. Their ads are all over—radio, TV, newspapers, magazines. How do you separate the real from the phony? It set my head spinning.

To make matters worse, I happen to be the world's biggest skeptic.

I Refused To Wear A Wig!

Remember, in my business, I'm in the public eye a lot. I didn't want people laughing or smirking because they could tell I was wearing a "rug." Any hair replacement would have to look natural or I couldn't do it.

It would also have to be done quickly. No prolonged surgery dragging out over many visits and many months like hair transplants. (Incidentally, I have a friend who tried transplant, but the plugs didn't take. Instead of a full head of hair, he wound up with a head full of "holes.")

International Cosmetic Labs Had The Answer!

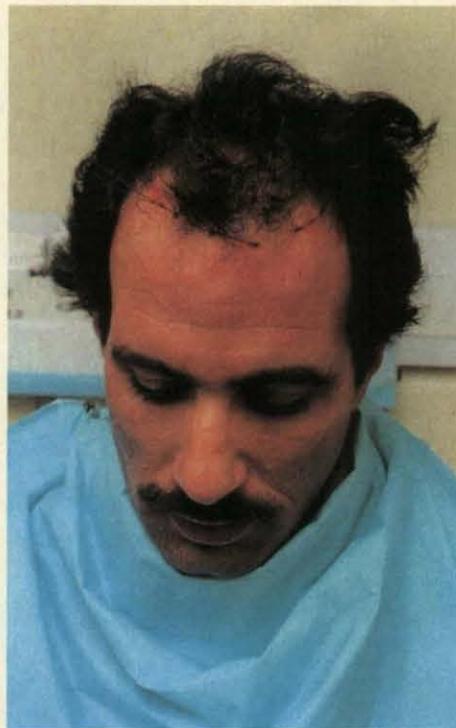
After weeks of searching and upon a final recommendation from a doctor friend of mine, I paid a visit to International Cosmetic Labs.

The first thing that impressed me was the fact that there was no hype, no high pressure selling. Instead, they more or less put my mind at ease by answering all of my questions completely.

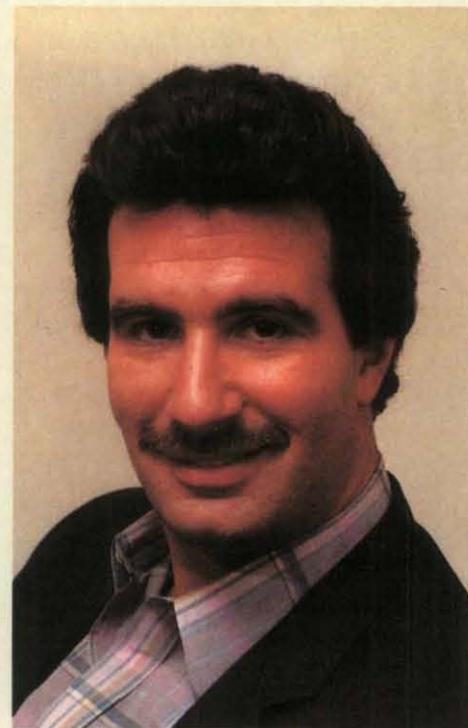
The I.C.L. Process, in case you're wondering, is designed for people who want a **permanent head of hair** and also like me, still have some hair of their own. It gives you a permanent, maintenance-free full head of hair. A combination of human and synthetic hair, "Cosmetic Hair Filaments" perfectly matched to your own hair color and texture are blended with your own hair, so that it's absolutely undetectable and becomes so much a part of you that you can do anything with it that you would do with your own natural hair. **It is not a solid based hairpiece.**

I Really Felt Good!

One thing about the I.C.L. Process, that for me was a "turn on," was the fact that for the most skeptical, which I initially was, the process is totally reversible. So at 12:30 on Friday afternoon, just 48 hours before I was to be married, I went to International. **Three hours after the medical**



Before



After

application I walked out with a full head of hair, confident enough to face my bride and a church full of guests.

I Showered, Swam, Drove!

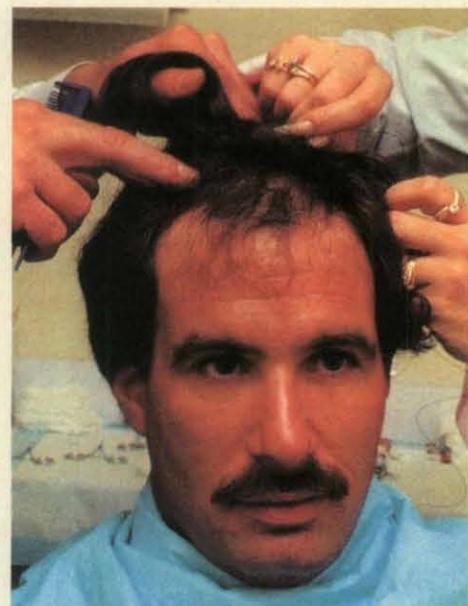
On our honeymoon in Key West, I was able to engage in all activities. I swam, dove off the board, everything!

My hair looks so natural no one would ever in a million years guess that all this hair isn't mine. Naturally, when I tell people about the I.C.L. Process, they insist on feeling my hair. And they agree: it not only **looks like my own hair, it feels like it, too.**

The next question I'm usually asked is whether there is any pain during the process. I admit I was a bit apprehensive right up to the moment the doctor started the procedure. But I never felt any pain during the procedure or afterward (although I understand some people may have some slight discomfort for a day or two).

I Recommend It Highly!

If, like me, you're concerned with always looking your best, you really should visit, write, or telephone I.C.L. for more information about their exclusive process. They do provide a **FREE BROCHURE**. Just write or call at 209 Office Building, Rt. 130 South, Cinnaminson, NJ 08077, or call toll free **1-800-262-8844** and from out of the country or Canada, please call 1-609-829-4300.



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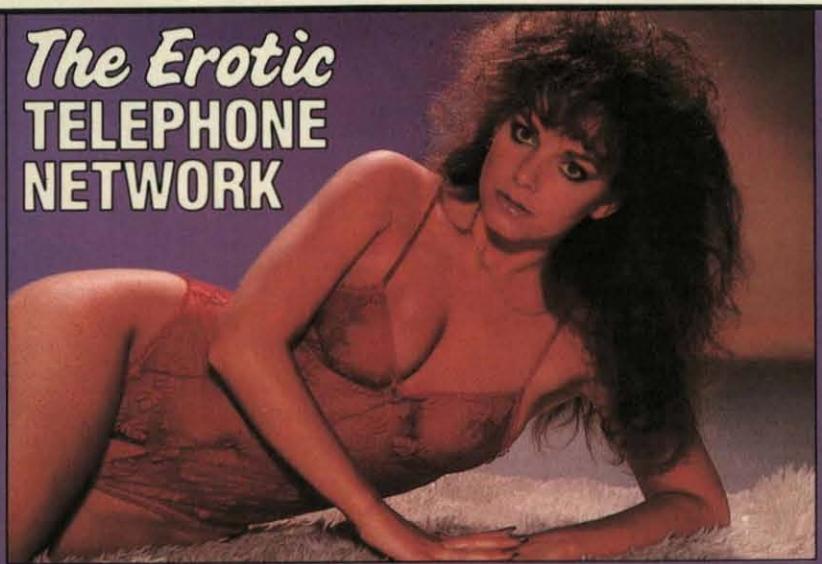
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Coming



NEXT MONTH IN

HUSTLER

March edition on sale January 19, 1988

LADIES IN WAITING

Our March '88 women can't wait to get off to a good start with you, their public. Angela Baron wants to start making regular visits to your home, first as our centerfold, then in a HUSTLER *Honey* video. Next, our March party girl tries not to spill party spirits on her frilly dress. Then, there's no sitting on a hot deal as we witness two stockbrokers who are hungry for more than wealth. Finally, a pair of beached blondes don't hesitate to create some friction in the sand. Pick up these dalliant delights soon!

BETWEEN THE LINES

Does media craving for hype and headlines obscure the real picture of AIDS? Sociologist Gene Staples surgically lays open the press to pick out the truth about AIDS in next month's examination of this most gripping subject: "AIDS: The Media Disease."

BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A BYTE?

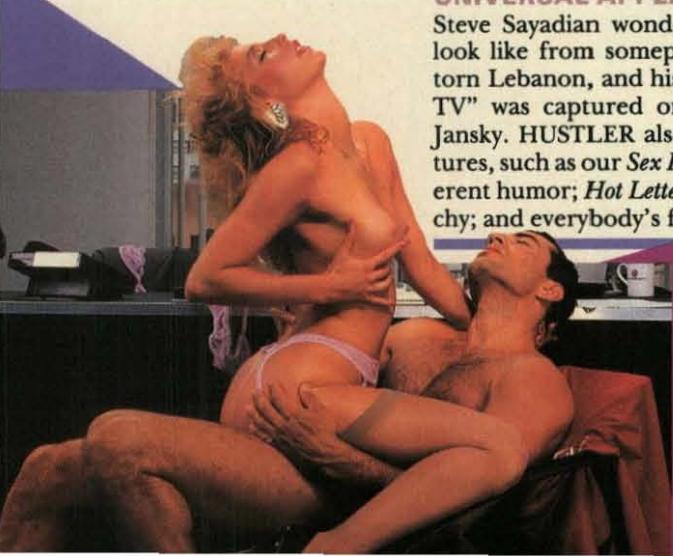
If you thought government snooping into citizens' personal lives is only the stuff of futuristic fiction, then Ron Chepesiuk's report "Computerized Big Brother" will confront you with the current reality of electronic interference with civil liberties.

TUNE IN, DROP TROU

A whole new kind of sexual revolution has set up a fresh set of favorite fleshy frolics and fetishes. You'll want to know how you can play too; so we'll fill you in with Dale Ashmun's update "Turn-Ons of '88."

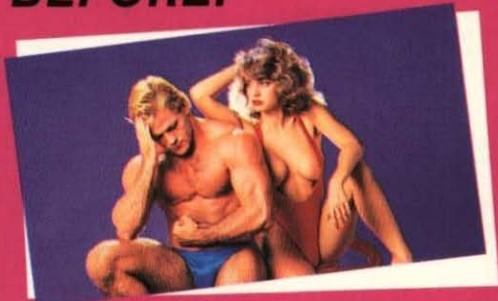
UNIVERSAL APPEAL

Steve Sayadian wonders what Miss Universe contestants would look like from someplace like famine-parched Ethiopia or war-torn Lebanon, and his "Miss Universe Contest You Won't See on TV" was captured on film by Senior Photographer Ladi von Jansky. HUSTLER also provides its world-renowned regular features, such as our *Sex Play* on "Feet-nomenon"; *Bits & Pieces*' irreverent humor; *Hot Letters* communiques from the righteously raunchy; and everybody's favorite pelt pick, *Beaver Hunt*.



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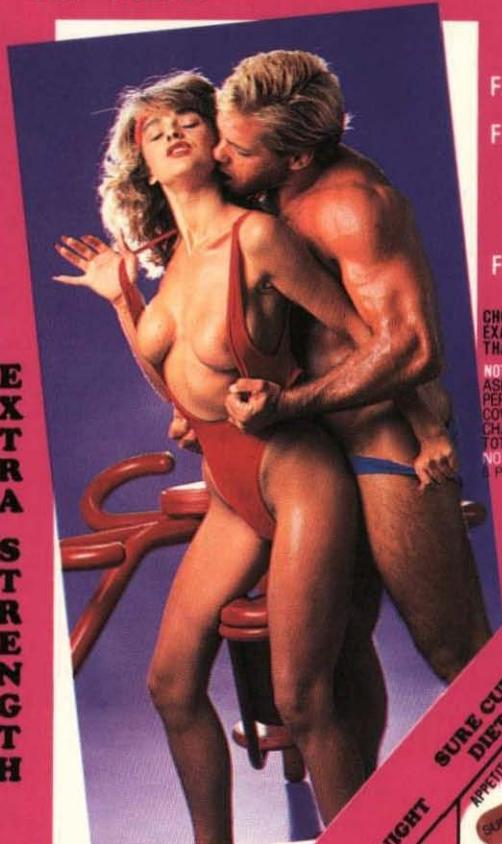
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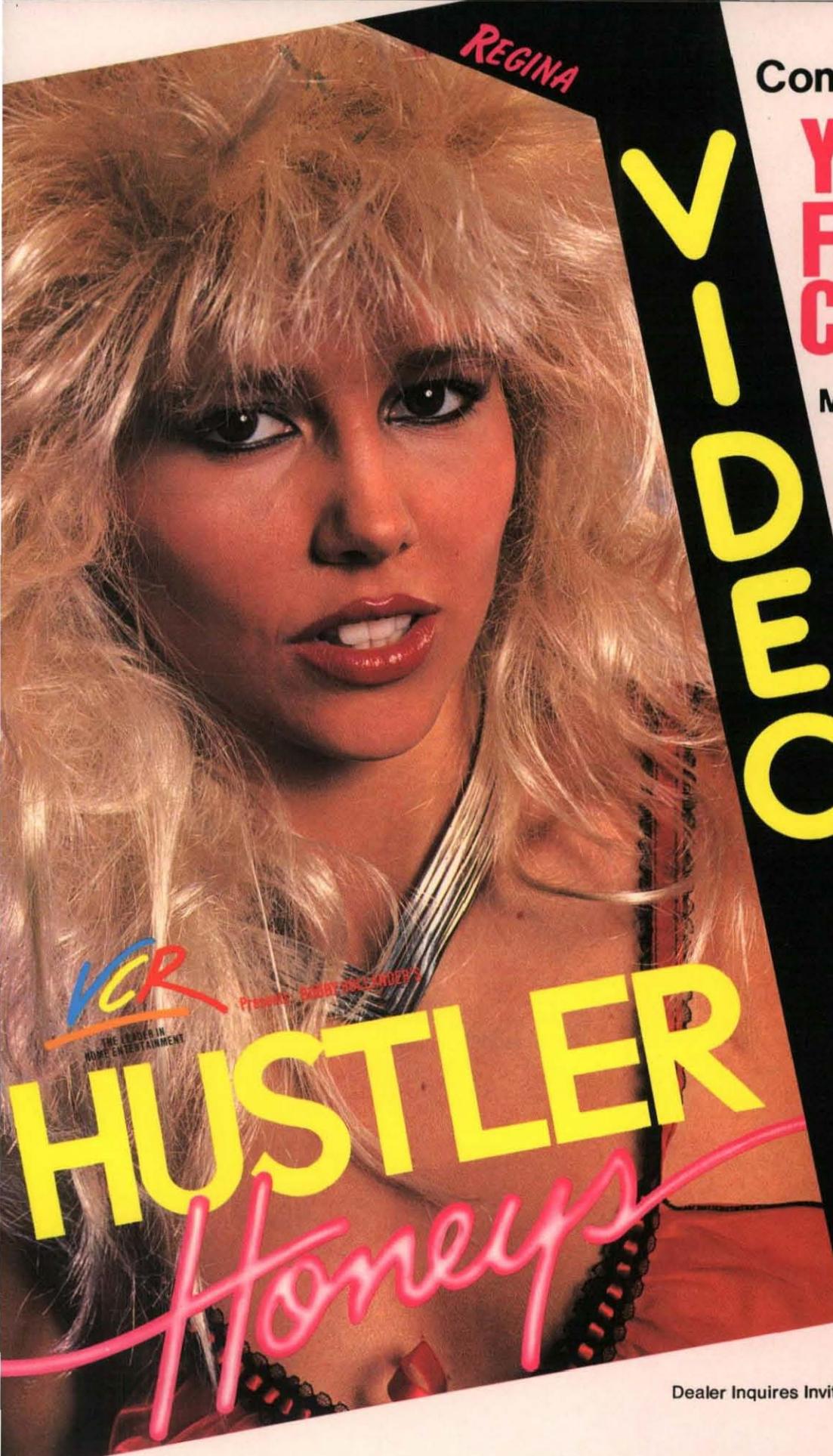
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